

DICK COLE

June

# BLUE BOLT

10¢



OLD CAP HAWKINS TELLS HOW THE 115<sup>TH</sup> INFANTRY

## WAR HEROES

WON THEIR MOTTO: "LIBERTY OR DEATH!"

**PLUS**

BLUE BOLT  
and SUB-ZERO  
EDISON BELL

HCKIEFER



VOL. 3 NO 1

BLUE BOLT





WEB COMIC  
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## MORE DOPE ON YOUR FAVORITE ARTISTS

John Daly, the artist who draws "Sub-Zero" is one of the most genial fellows we know . . . nothing at all like an icicle which his characters might suggest! John comes from the East and studied art in Philadelphia where his father held an important position with one of that city's leading newspapers.



JOHN DALY

For a short spell, John Daly was a private in the U. S. Marines. (Told us the other day, he wished he were young enough to be called to service with that famous Corps once again!) He's married, and has twin boys, who are always leaning over his shoulder to see what he is creating in cartoon art. John uses them as a sort of testing ground to see what they think of his work. He gets ideas from them, too. His boys go to school in Manhattan, where the Dalys now live.

John's hobby is—Indians! He is one of the few artists who has studied Indian dress so that he can tell to what tribe they belong. He knows exactly what "war paint"

to put on their faces so that the designs will be true to life as Indian warriors wore them into battle. He also loves horses—especially Indian ponies.

Speaking of Indians, we must tell you about another BLUE BOLT artist who is thoroughly "at home" among them—in fact, he has several pure-blooded Indian pals. That's Jack A. Warren, who draws "Krisko and Jasper"—the funny characters who are always in trouble.

Jack was born in the plains and brought up on the range. Sh-h! Jack Warren was a cowboy at one time and even studied on a reservation in the Southwest where his playmates and schoolmates were young Indians of his own age.

Jack Warren's hobbies are—cowboys and Indians! But he also has a number of other hobbies that could make him as famous as Dan Beard. Jack was the scoutmaster of a troop that did the following things: made its own true Indian costumes with headdress, war weapons, and all; learned how to ride horses, how to make and shoot real Indian bows and arrows, how to read Indian language, and how to make tepees. One summer, Jack took his troop into upstate New York's wild country, and the whole group of them lived exactly as pioneers of old must have lived—they cleared the land, built small log houses, cooked, hunted, rode, and had a general merry-good time!

Jack Warren is a former newspaper cartoonist, studied art in Indianapolis, has worked on a number of famous newspapers, and for syndicates too. He now lives on a cozy little farm in the famous Catskill section of Washington Irving fame!



JACK WARREN



# DICK COLE

WONDER

BOY!



IT IS JUNE, AND THE CADETS OF FARR MILITARY ACADEMY LOOK FORWARD WITH HIGH SPIRITS TOWARD THE ANNUAL "VICTORY FIRE." A "CHAIRMAN" IS TO BE ELECTED AND DICK COLE'S CLASS IS EAGERLY AWAITING THE RESULTS OF THE VOTING.

AS YOU KNOW, THE CADET ELECTED IS REGARDED AS THE MOST OUTSTANDING MAN OF THE YEAR! HE WILL APPOINT HIS COMMITTEE, CHOOSE A SUITABLE PLACE FOR THE FIRE, START IT WITH OUR "BURNING BRANCH OF VICTORY," AND LEAD THE SINGING OF OUR ALMA MATER SONG, "WE'LL ALWAYS BE NEAR TO FARR!"

AND NOW... THE WINNER, AND CHAIRMAN FOR THE YEAR, IS ... **DICK COLE!** CADET RIMER, SECOND... CADET EDDIE, THIRD... CADET SIMBA, FOURTH...

YOU HAVE BEEN HIGHLY HONORED BY THE ENTIRE CADET CORPS, DICK!

THANK YOU, SIR!

NICE GOIN', BOY!  
WAHOO!

YEA, DICK!



DICK BRINGS THE RANKS TO ATTENTION AND APPOINTS HIS COMMITTEE.

BECAUSE THEY DESERVE THE HONOR  
AS MUCH AS I ... I APPOINT CADETS  
RIMER, EDDIE, AND SIMBA TO THE  
**VICTORY COMMITTEE!**

BUT JACK RIMER, SECOND IN  
VOTING, SMARTS WITH JEALOUSY  
OVER AN HONOR HE BELIEVES  
SHOULD BE HIS ...

THAT **DICK  
COLE'S**  
ALWAYS  
GETTING  
THE  
GLORY!



... LATER, IN THE AFTERNOON, THE COMMITTEE SETS OUT  
TO LOOK FOR A CAMP FIRE SPOT ...

THEY SAY FARMER  
BROWN HAS A  
SWELL SPOT!

YEAH, AND  
IT'S NOT TOO  
FAR FROM THE  
ACADEMY!

♪ RAY, DICK! RAY,  
VICTORY FIRE!  
WE'LL ALWAYS  
BE NEAR TO FARR!  
♪

AW, WHY DON'T  
WE FIND A  
PLACE ON THE  
OTHER SIDE OF  
TOWN?



IT'S AWFULLY NICE  
OF YOU TO LET US  
USE YOUR PLACE FOR  
OUR VICTORY FIRE,  
MR. BROWN!

WAL, JUST  
PROMISE YE  
DON'T HIT NO  
SOUR NOTES  
WHEN YE SING!  
HAH!



DICK SENDS EDDIE AND RIMER TO GATHER FIREWOOD  
WHILE HE AND SIMBA PICK UP ROCKS FOR THE FIREPLACE ...  
... SUDDENLY ...

WOW! THESE  
THINGS ARE  
HEAVY!

LOOK, SIMBA!  
A  
**PARACHUTE!**



MAYBE WE DUGHT  
TO SHOW IT TO  
FARMER BROWN,  
SIMBA!





IT WUZ PROBBLY DROPPED BY ONE OF MR. KRUBB'S FRIENDS. I RENTED THAT OL' SHACK O' MINE TO 'IM A COUPLA WEEKS AGO.

WHAT IN THE WORLD COULD A MAN WANT SUCH A LONELY SHACK FOR?

IS THIS FELLOW KRUBB A HERMIT OR WHAT?



NAW ... HE'S A KINDA INVENTOR FER THE GOVINMINT! HE'S GOT TWO OTHER FELLERS TO HELP 'IM, TOO ... STRICTLY PRIVATE ... SEE?



THEY'RE QUIET-LIKE AND PAY GOOD. THE ONLY TIME I SEE 'EM COME OUTTA THE SHACK IS WHEN AN AIRYPLANE COMES AN' DROPS DOWN FOOD AN' MAIL WITH THESE PARYSHOOT!



AFTER LEAVING FARMER BROWN, DICK THINKS TO HIMSELF ....

FUNNY THAT THIS MR. KRUBB NEEDS AN AIRPLANE TO DROP FOOD, WHEN TOWN'S LESS THAN A MILE FROM HERE!



AS DICK AND SIMBA GO ABOUT FIXING UP THE FIREPLACE ....

LOOK, DICK ... A PLANE! IT'S COMING THIS WAY!

WOW! A DIVE-BOMBER ... THAT MUST BE THE ONE FARMER BROWN WAS TALKING ABOUT!



THE PLANE FISH-TAILS IN TO BRAKE ITS SPEED ...

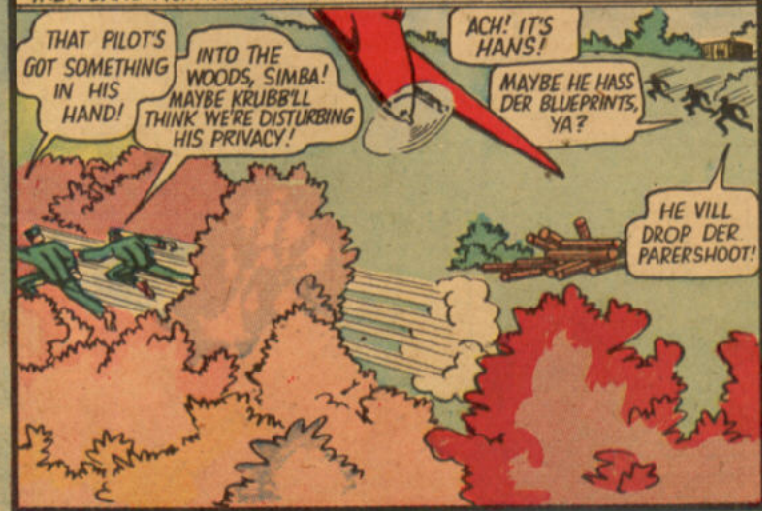
THAT PILOT'S GOT SOMETHING IN HIS HAND!

INTO THE WOODS, SIMBA! MAYBE KRUBB'LL THINK WE'RE DISTURBING HIS PRIVACY!

ACH! IT'S HANS!

MAYBE HE HASS DER BLUEPRINTS, YA?

HE VILL DROP DER PARERSHOOT!



AND THE PILOT DROPS A PARACHUTE WITH AN ENVELOPE ATTACHED.

YA! TONIGHT VILL BE DER LAST TRIP!





KRUBB TAKES A LETTER OUT OF THE ENVELOPE ATTACHED TO THE PARACHUTE



HEAR ANYTHING, DICK?

NO! LOOK! HE DROPPED THE ENVELOPE!

VAT DOES HE SAY, KRUBB?

ID ISS NOT BLUEPRINTS, NO?

COME BACK AND DROP DER BLUEPRINTS IN ABOUT TWO HOURS, JA!

KRUBB AND HIS MEN WALK BACK TO THE SHACK.



VE CAN'T ZEND DER MESSAGE UNTIL VE GEDT DER BLUE PRINTS!

HE VILL BRINK DEM ZOOK!

DER FUEHRER VILL BE GLAD TO KNOW ABOUT AMERICAN DIVE BOMBER, JA!

AFTER THE MEN LEAVE, DICK AND SIMBA RUSH OVER AND PICK UP THE DROPPED ENVELOPE...

"GLEEM AIRCRAFT!" WHY, THAT COMPANY'S RIGHT NEAR HERE!

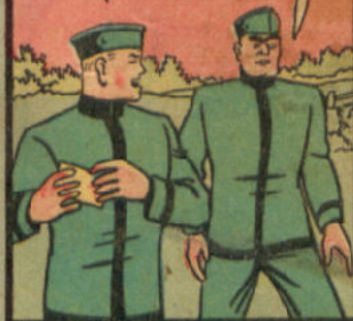
YEAH...AND THEY'VE GOT A COUPLE OF MILLION DOLLARS WORTH OF DEFENSE ORDERS! SOMETHIN'S FISHY, DICK!



DICK CAREFULLY FOLDS THE ENVELOPE AND PUTS IT IN HIS POCKET...

MAYBE KRUBB'S FINGERPRINTS WILL COME IN HANDY, SIMBA!

CAN'T TELL, DICK! EDDIE AND RIMER WON'T BE BACK FOR A WHILE. WHAT SAY WE TAKE A LOOK AT KRUBB'S SHACK?



OUTSIDE KRUBB'S SHACK --

CRIMINELETIES! THEY'VE GOT A PIP OF A SHORT-WAVE-SET!

WOW! THEY CAN SEND MESSAGES TO EUROPE WITH AN OUTFIT LIKE THAT! MIGHTY PECULIAR, DICK!



INSIDE THE SHACK...



DER GESTAPO MAN IN BERLIN IS MAD, HERR KRUBB!

...SAYS VE MUST NOT LEAVE ONDIL VE HAFF DER DIVE-BOMBER BLUE BRINTS!

VELL, HANS VILL BRINK DEM IN DER BLANE ZOOK... DELL HIM! VE HAFF BEEN IN DIS BLACE TOO LONG ALREADY!

SIMBA TRIPS OVER A TREE ROOT, AND THE SOUND OF HIS FALL ATTRACTS THE ATTENTION OF THE MEN IN THE SHACK...

QUICK! KRUBB! TWO MEN IN UNIFORM ARE SPYING CN US!

VE MUST CATCH DEM BEVORE HANS COMES BEK IN DER PLANE!

DON'T LET DEM GED AWAY. MAYBE DEY FOUND OUT SOMEDING!







I VILL STAY IN CASE HANS COMES MIT DER BLUEPRINTS, BUT I VILL KILL YOU IF YOU DON'T CATCH DOSE BOYS!

VAT DID DEY LOOG LIKE, FRITZ?

I ONLY SAW DER UNIFORMS. HURRY!



JINGOES! WHAT A CLOSE SHAVE!

DICK AND SIMBA HIDE IN A TREE WHILE THE FRANTIC SPIES SEARCH.

AND ALL FROM FIXING THE FIREPLACE FOR TONIGHT'S VICTORY FIRE! WOW!

DEY MUST BE NEAR!

IF VE DON'T FIND DEM VE BETTER COMMIT SUICIDE! JAI!

MEANWHILE --- EDDIE AND THE ENVIOUS RIMER RETURN TO THE FIREPLACE WITH THEIR LOAD OF WOOD AND TWIGS.



GEE! I WONDER WHERE DICK IS?

JUST LIKE DICK COLE TO RUN OFF AND LEAVE US WITH ALL THE WORK!



JEALOUS HATE MOUNTS IN RIMER AND, WHEN EDDIE'S BACK IS TURNED...

WHEN DICK COLE STARTS THE FIRE WITH THE BURNING "BRANCH OF VICTORY," THESE FIRECRACKERS WILL EXPLODE IN HIS FACE RIGHT IN FRONT OF EVERYBODY! I'LL FIX HIM!

THE FRANTIC SPIES SEE A UNIFORMED EDDIE AND RIMER--AND MISTAKE THEM FOR DICK AND SIMBA! THE BOYS ARE OFF GUARD ---



ACH DU LIEBER! DERE DEY ARE!

VE'LL KETCH DEM DISS DIME! JAVOL!

HOLY SMOKE! WHAT'S THIS?

TAKE DOT!  
YA!

... AND THE SPIES EASILY TAKE THEM!



IT'S GOOT DOT VE CATCH DEM!

KRUBB VILL BE HAPPY!



BACK TO DICK AND SIMBA .... DICK, SUSPICIOUS OF KRUBB'S ACTIVITIES, SENDS SIMBA TO MAJOR FARR WITH THE "GLEEM AIRCRAFT" ENVELOPE FOR FINGERPRINT CHECKING WITH THE F.B.I.

DICK CLIMBS INTO A TREE OVERLOOKING THE SHACK...

**JUMPIN CATFISH!**

THEY'VE GOT  
EDDIE AND RIMER!

I'LL KEEP AN EYE  
ON THEM UNTIL YOU  
COME BACK. THAT  
PLANE WILL BE  
HERE SOON.

GEE, I HATE  
TO LEAVE YOU  
HERE ALONE,  
DICK!

INSIDE THE  
SHACK...

THAT VASS GOOT VORK,  
BOYS! HANS SHOULD  
ZOOM BE BACK MIT  
DER BLUE  
PRINTS!

VE'LL HAFF  
TO KILL DER  
TWO NOSYBODIES  
--DEY KNOW  
TOO MUCH!  
JA!  
KRUBB?

DEN VE'LL NOTIFY  
BERLIN ABOUT DER  
NEW AMERICAN  
DIFE BOMBERS!

VE VILL KILL YOU  
FOR SPYINK ON  
US! **SCHWEINHUND!**

B-BUT WE  
DIDN D-D-DO  
ANY--TH--THING!  
--M-M-MISTER!

BUT --- SIMBA HAS ARRIVED AT MAJOR FARR'S  
OFFICE AND COMPLETED HIS STORY ...

THERE ARE FINGERPRINTS,  
ALL RIGHT, AND CADET COLE DOESN'T  
USUALLY MAKE MISTAKES, BUT,  
IN TIMES LIKE THESE, WE  
MUST BE CAREFUL,  
CADET SIMBA!

DICK AND I  
UNDERSTAND,  
SIR!

THESE PRINTS  
ARE THE LAST,  
SIR!

MAJOR FARR PHONES THE F.B.I. ...

YES--K-R-U-B-B--  
FARMER BROWN'S  
SHACK OVERLOOKING  
THE LAKE --YES  
SHORT  
WAVE  
RADIO!

SEND US A  
RADIO PHOTO OF  
THE FINGERPRINTS  
IMMEDIATELY!  
THANK YOU,  
MAJOR!



SIMBA RUSHES BACK TO DICK ...



GOSH! -- I HOPE DICK IS ALL RIGHT!

IN THE SHACK-- WHILE DICK PEERS THROUGH THE WINDOW...



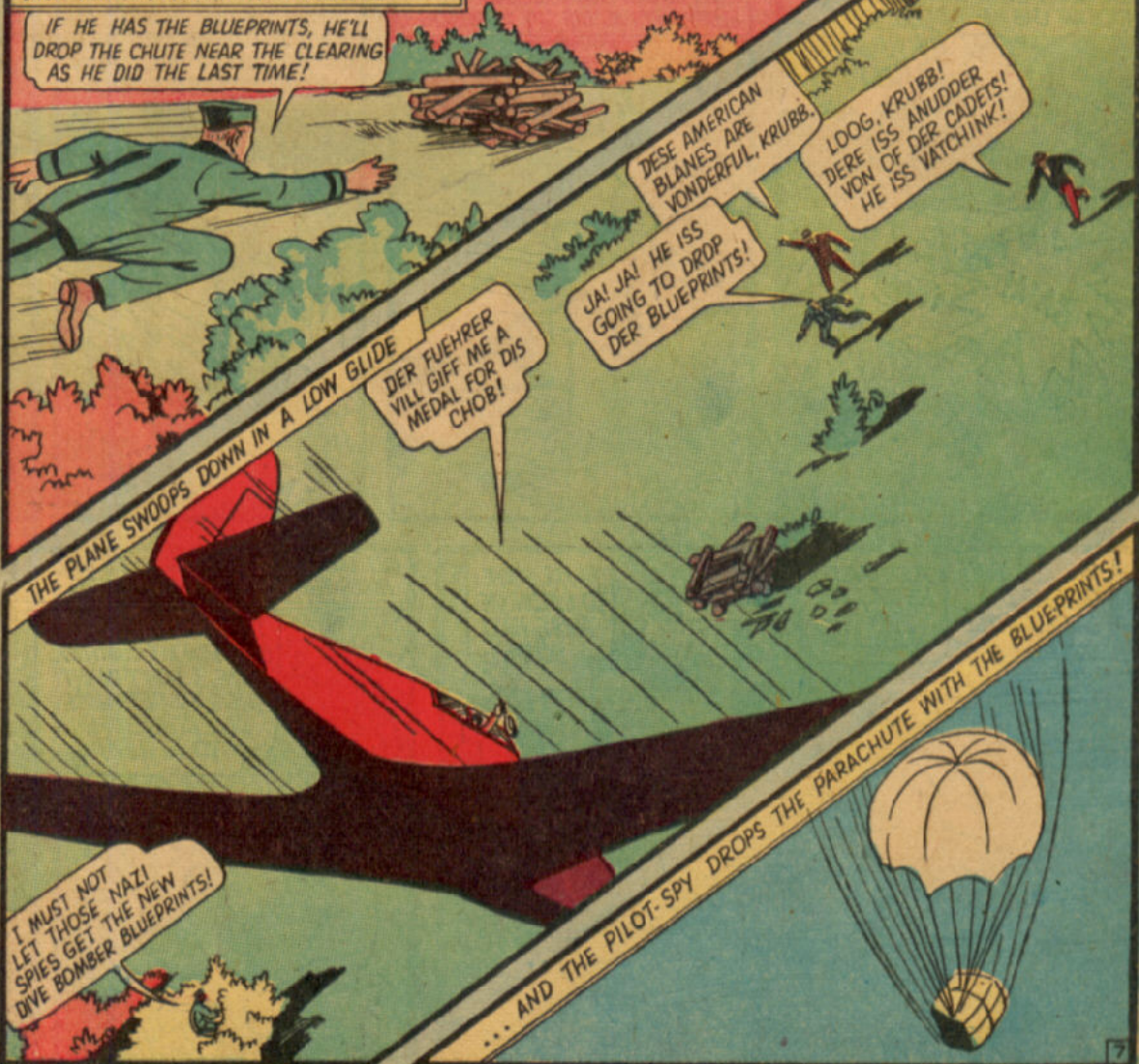
HERR KRUBB! ID'S DER BLANE MIT HANS. I HEAR ID!

NUMBSKULLS! BUSYBODIES! KRUBB VILL TEACH YOU!

JA! YE MUST HAFF DER BLUEPRINTS!

POOR EDDIE AND RIMER! I HEAR A PLANE!

DICK RUNS TOWARD THE FIREPLACE ...



IF HE HAS THE BLUEPRINTS, HE'LL DROP THE CHUTE NEAR THE CLEARING AS HE DID THE LAST TIME!

DESE AMERICAN BLANES ARE VONDERFUL, KRUBB.

JAI JAI HE ISS GOING TO DROP DER BLUEPRINTS!

LOOG, KRUBB! DERE ISS ANUDDER VON OF DER CADETS! HE ISS VATCHINK!

DER FUEHRER VILL GIFF ME A MEDAL FOR DIS CHOB!

THE PLANE SWOOPS DOWN IN A LOW GLIDE

... AND THE PILOT-SPY DROPS THE PARACHUTE WITH THE BLUEPRINTS!

I MUST NOT LET THOSE NAZI SPIES GET THE NEW DIVE BOMBER BLUEPRINTS!



BUT, AS THE DIVE-BOMBER CONTINUES TO FISH TAIL, DICK PICKS UP A HEAVY ROCK FROM THE GROUND.

IF I EVER WANTED TO PITCH A PERFECT STRIKE--IT'S NOW!



AND, JUST AS THE SPY PILOT IS ABOUT TO GIVE IT THE GUN, DICK, WITH AMAZING FORCE, THROWS THE ROCK AT THE PILOT!

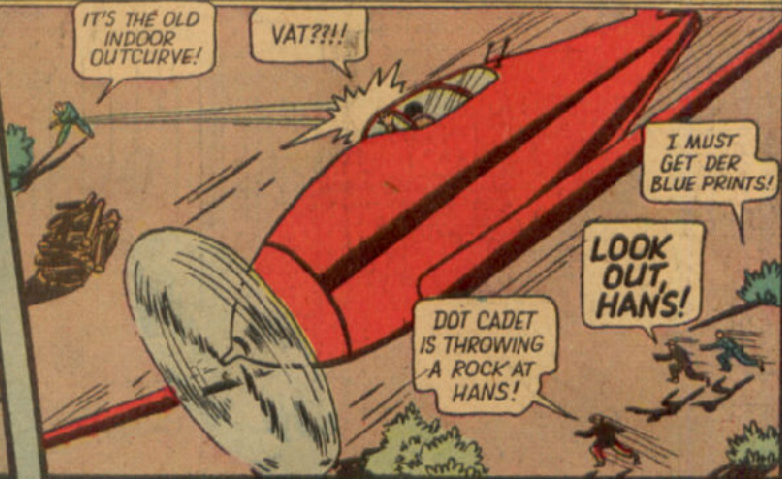
IT'S THE OLD INDOOR OUTCURVE!

VAT??!!

I MUST GET DER BLUE PRINTS!

LOOK OUT, HANS!

DOT CADET IS THROWING A ROCK AT HANS!



THE HEAVY ROCK CRASHES INTO THE FACE OF THE BEWILDERED SPY!

AAAAAAHHH HHHHHYY!

BAM!



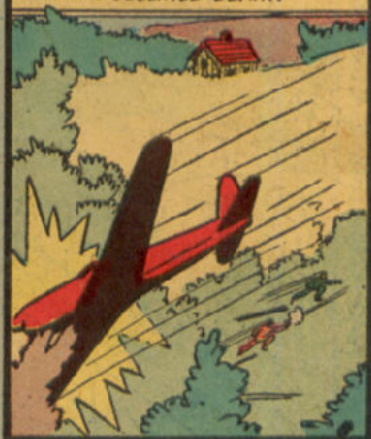
DICK PICKS UP THE PRECIOUS BLUE PRINTS AS THE SPY APPROACHES!

WAW! HE'S RIGHT BEHIND ME!

STOP! I'D ISS MINE!



AS THE SPY CHASES DICK INTO THE WOODS, THE DIVE BOMBER, OUT OF CONTROL, CRASHES INTO THE GROUND, AND THE SINISTER PILOT PLUNGES TO HIS DESERVED DEATH!



I'LL KILL YOU! GIFF ME DER BLUEPRINTS!

POOR HANS! HE DIED FOR THE VATERLAND!

NEVER MIND HANS! GET DOSE BLUEPRINTS BACK OR VE DIE!

YOU'LL HAVE TO CATCH ME FIRST, NAZI SCUM!



BUT DICK ELUDES HIS PURSUERS AND HIDES THE PRECIOUS DOCUMENTS.

THEY CAN KILL ME! BUT, FOR MY COUNTRY'S SAKE, I DONT WANT THEM TO GET THESE DIVE BOMBER PLANS TO HITLER!

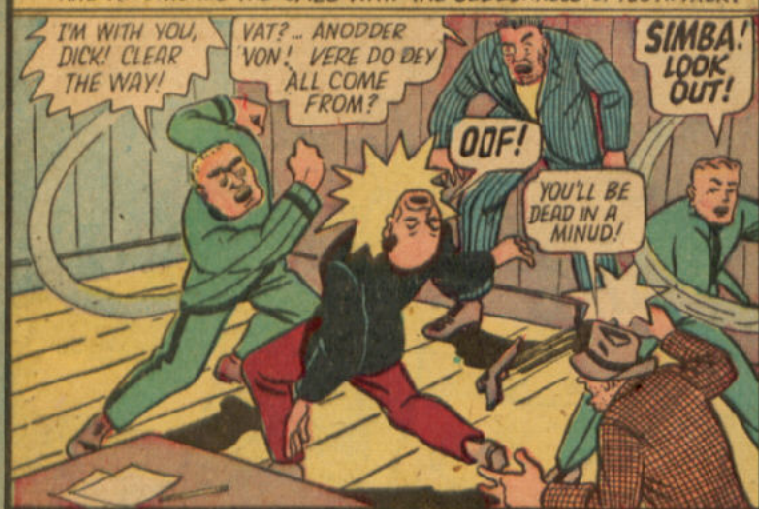








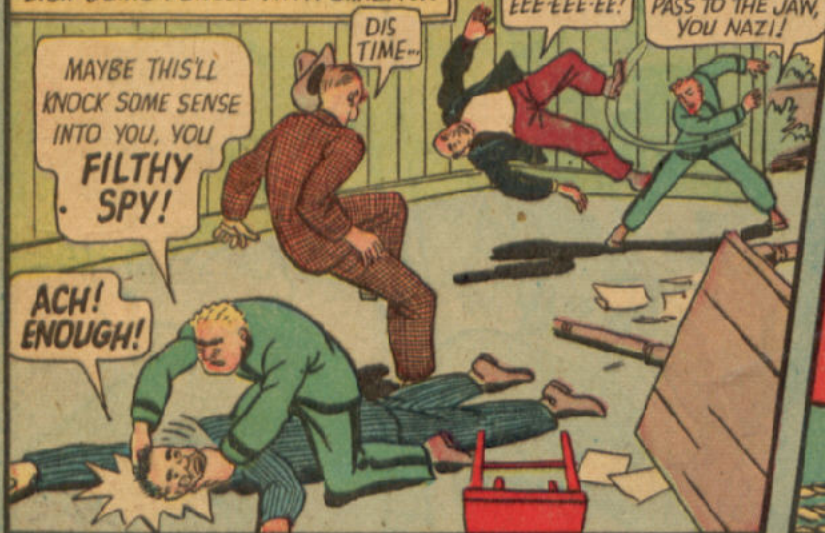
... AND ASTONISHES THE SPIES WITH THE SUDDENNESS OF HIS ATTACK.



WHEN IT COMES TO FIGHTING SPIES, MY HEAD CLEARS UP IN A SECOND, SIMBA!



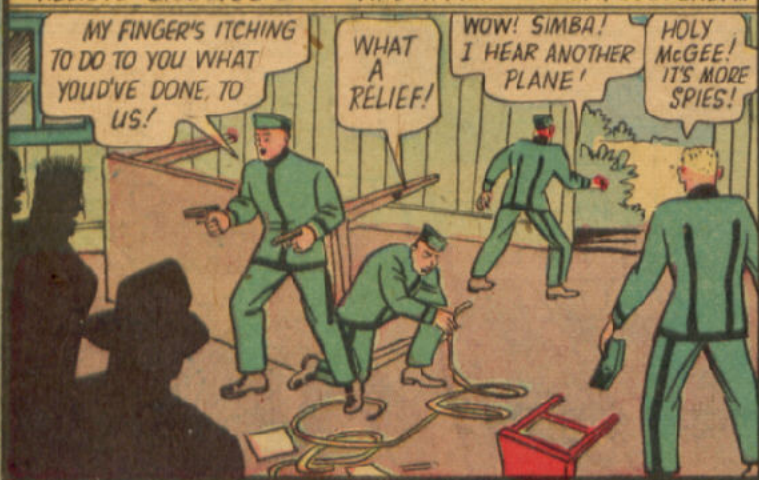
DICK JOINS FORCES WITH SIMBA ...



SPELLBOUND -- THE HELPLESS RIMER AND EDDIE WATCH THE BATTLE ...



DICK AND SIMBA HAVE EVERYTHING UNDER CONTROL AND RELIEVE GRATEFUL EDDIE AND RIMER ... WHEN, SUDDENLY ...



A FEW MINUTES LATER ...





THEY SEE...

THIS KRUBB'S DANGEROUS!

ALL SPIES ARE DANGEROUS!

YOUNG DICK COLE CERTAINLY USED HIS HEAD!

I HOPE HE'S ALL RIGHT!



THE F.B.I. MEN ENTER THE SHACK AND ARE AMAZED AT THE REMARKABLE JOB ACCOMPLISHED BY DICK AND SIMBA.

WE'VE TRIED TO GET KRUBB FOR A LONG TIME!

THEY WERE SENDING MESSAGES TO GERMANY WITH THAT SHORT WAVE!

YOU BOYS CERTAINLY DESERVE CREDIT.

THAT PILOT WHO CRASHED WAS TEST PILOT FOR GLEEM AIRCRAFT. SOME SET UP!

COME ON! WE MUST FINISH OUR JOB ON THE FIREPLACE!

THAT'S RIGHT! WE'VE GOT OUR BIG VICTORY FIRE TONIGHT!

DERE ISS NO VICTORY FOR US!



ACH!



AS THE BOYS RUSH TO THE FIREPLACE, MAJOR FARR RIDES UP AND IS GREETED BY AN F.B.I. MAN.

NOT ONLY FARR, BUT ALL AMERICA CAN BE PROUD OF DICK COLE AND SIMBA TOO!

DICK COLE TYPIFIES THE SPIRIT OF THE REAL AMERICAN BOY!



DICK AND THE COMMITTEE REACH THE FIREPLACE

BUT WHY DID THEY GRAB RIMER AND ME?

THEY TOOK YOU FOR SIMBA AND ME!

YEAH! THEY ONLY SAW OUR FARR UNIFORMS - NOT OUR FACES!

EXCUSE ME! I'LL RUN AHEAD!



RIMER RUSHES TO THE FIREPLACE AND REMOVES EVERY ONE OF THE FIRECRACKERS HE HAD PLACED THERE!

WHAT A FOOL I'VE BEEN TO THINK BADLY OF A FELLOW AS FINE AS DICK COLE!



THAT NIGHT, AFTER DICK COLE HAS STARTED THE VICTORY FIRE WITH THE "BURNING BRANCH OF VICTORY," MAJOR FARR COMMENDS DICK AND SIMBA.

...AND MOST OF YOU WILL NEVER REALIZE WHAT A **REAL** VICTORY HAS BEEN WON THIS DAY!

NOW LET'S CALL UPON CADET COLE TO LEAD US IN SINGING OUR SCHOOL SONG!

YEA, DICK!

COME ON, DICK!



GO IN THERE AND KNOCK 'EM DEAD, KID! USE BOTH LUNGS!

YOU BET!... CONFIDENTIALLY, I'M NERVOUS AS A KITTEN!

HERE-- HOLD MY HAT!



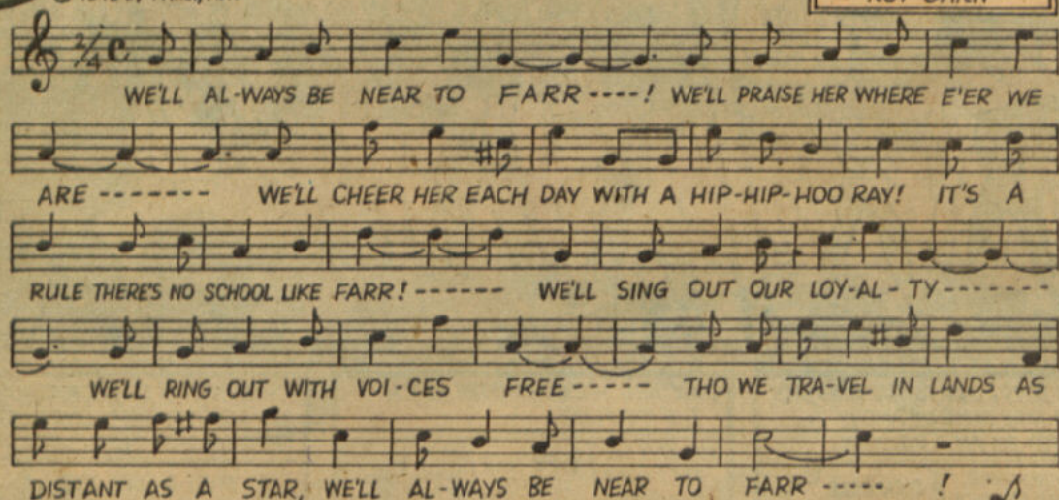


# "WE'LL ALWAYS BE NEAR TO FARR!"

FARR MILITARY ACADEMY'S  
OFFICIAL SCHOOL SONG!

WORDS AND MUSIC  
BY  
ROY GARN

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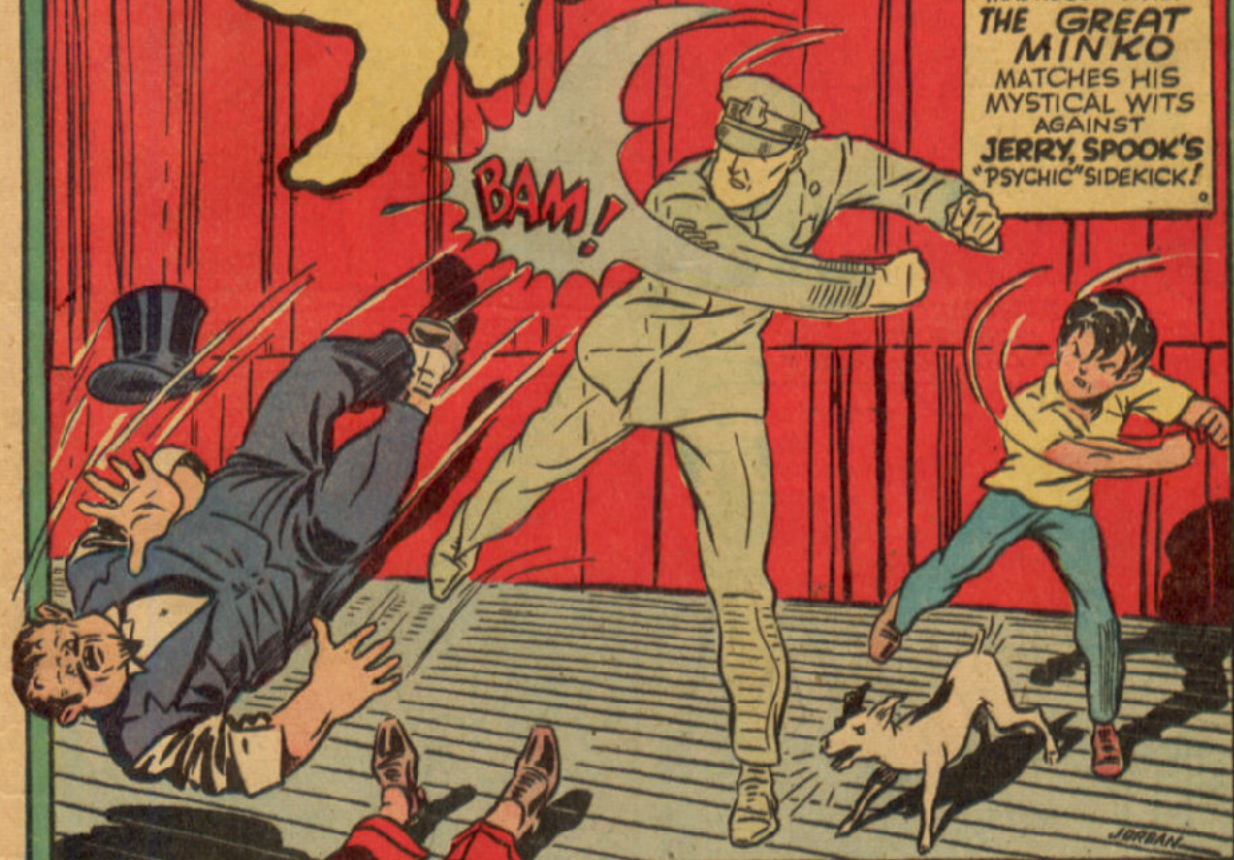
ALL TOGETHER, FELLOWS!  
...AGAIN!

BAND PLAYING! CADETS SINGING!  
...IN A BLARE OF LIGHT AND MUSIC,  
VACATION TIME IS HERE FOR  
DICK AND SIMBA ... MORE IN  
THE NEXT **BLUE BOLT!**



# Sergeant SPOOK

IT'S MAGICAL-  
MADNESS WHEN  
**THE GREAT MINKO**  
MATCHES HIS  
MYSTICAL WITS  
AGAINST  
**JERRY, SPOOK'S**  
"PSYCHIC" SIDEKICK!



I'VE GOT IT!  
MR NEEDS MONEY KIND  
OF BAD, SO WE'LL PUT  
ON A DOG ACT. COME  
ON, BOZO, LET'S  
GO INSIDE.

Bijou  
Theatre  
PERFORMERS  
WANTED-  
SEE MR. DREYER

URP!

ME 'N MY DOG CAN  
PUT ON A SWELL  
ACT, MISTER!

GO ON,  
SCRAM! DOG ACTS  
ARE A DIME  
A DOZEN!





AS JERRY IS ABOUT TO LEAVE, HE STOPS TO WATCH MINKO... THE MAGICIAN.



HI, JERRY, WHY DON'T YOU TRY OUT FOR A MAGICIAN'S JOB. WE OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO PUT ON A GOOD ACT!



SAY.. I'M A MAGICIAN, TOO. GIVE ME A CHANCE TO SHOW YOU WHAT I CAN DO... HUH?

HEY... WHAT'S THIS?

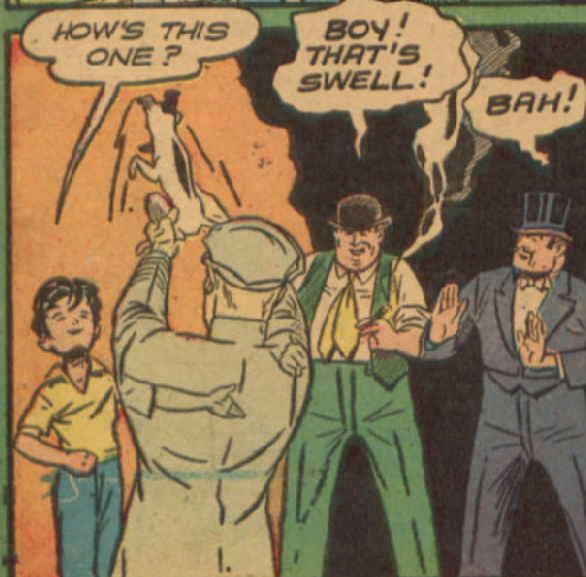
OKAY! LET'S SEE YOUR STUFF!



HOW'S THIS ONE?

BOY! THAT'S SWELL!

BAH!

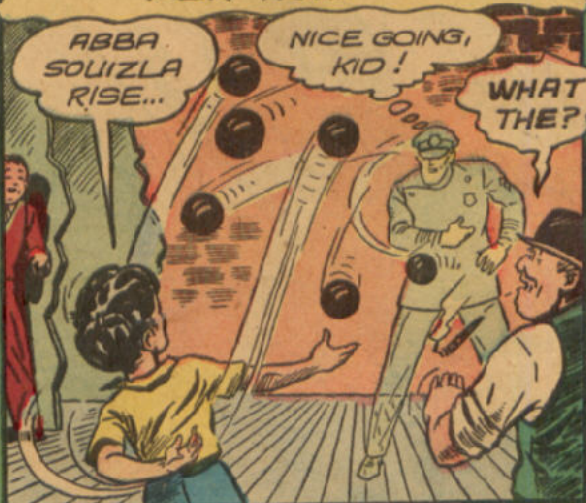


SERGEANT SPOOK AND JERRY START THEIR ACT...

ABBA SOUZZLA RISE...

NICE GOING, KID!

WHAT THE?



HERE'S ONE TO TOP IT OFF!

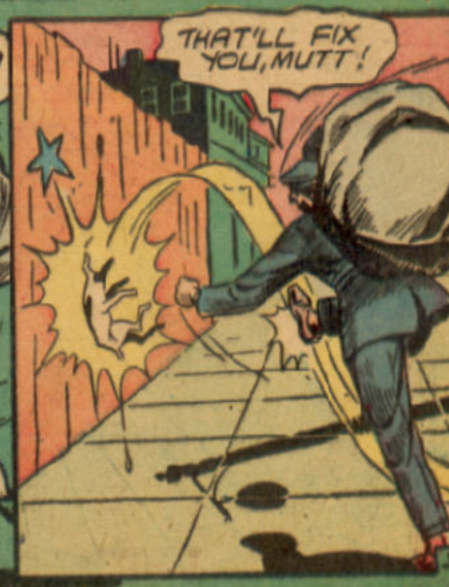
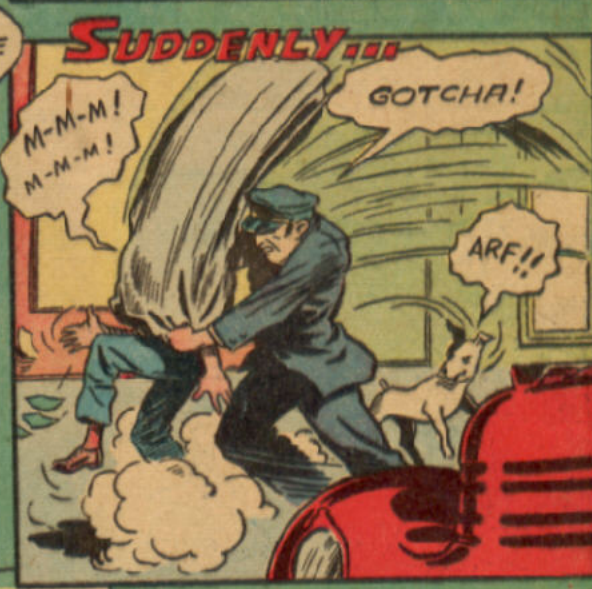
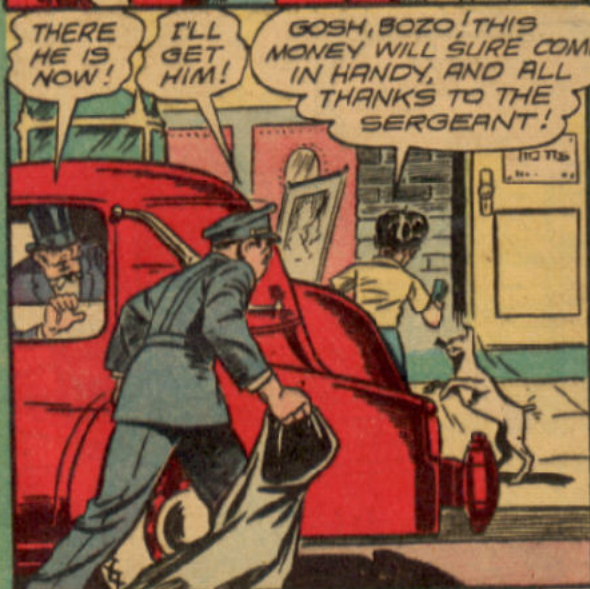
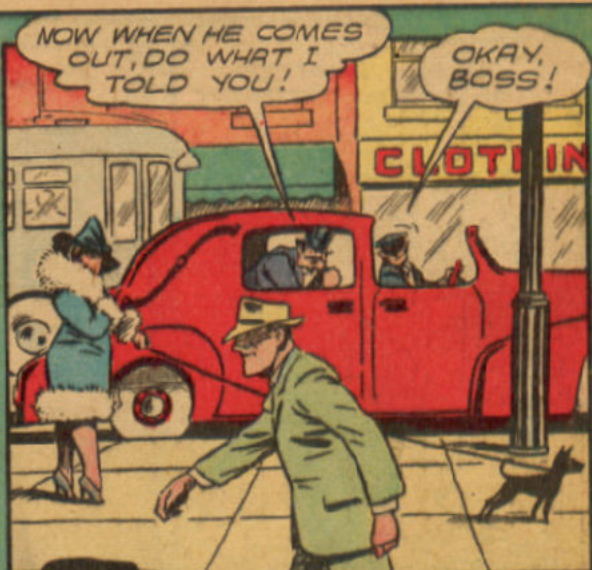
HEY!

KIDDO! THE JOB IS YOURS!

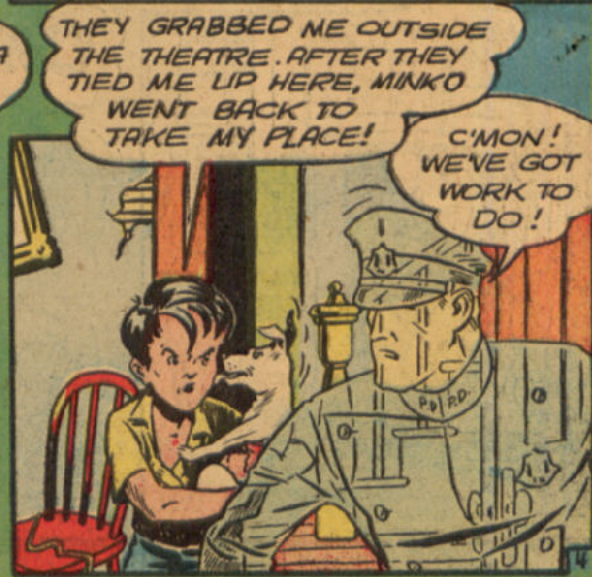
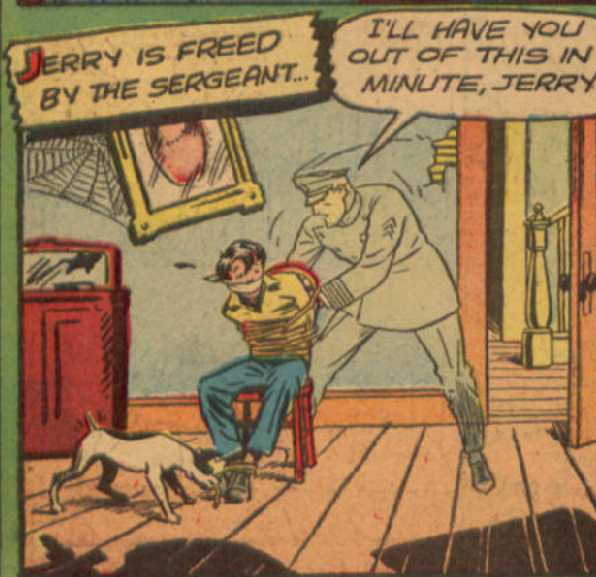
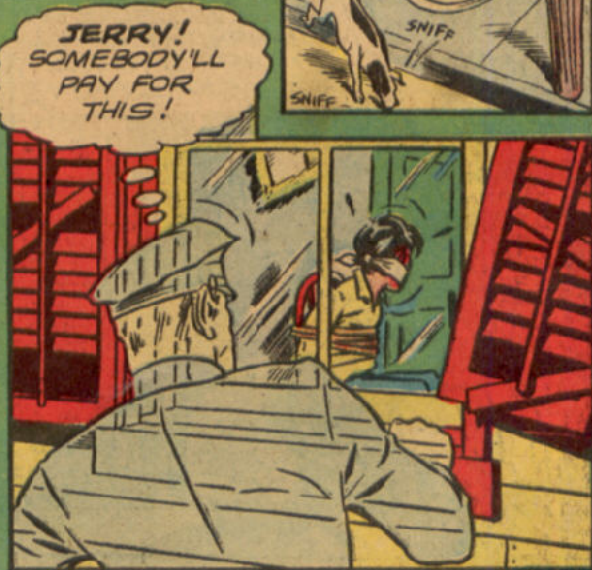
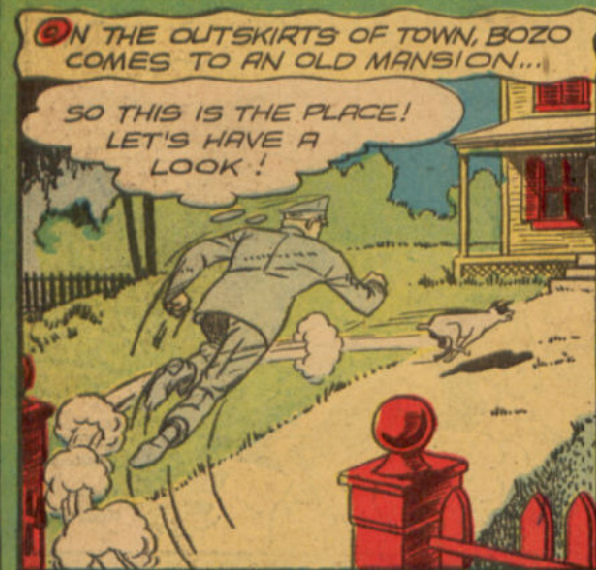
ALLEZ OOP!!













Meanwhile AT THE THEATRE.

I HAVE BEEN HUMILIATED!  
FOR THAT YOU WILL  
PAY ME TWICE  
AS MUCH!

OH, ALL RIGHT.  
YOU'RE ON  
NEXT!

NO  
SMOKING

EXIT

THAT KID WON'T MEDDLE  
IN MY BUSINESS ANYMORE.  
AND THIS MANAGER IS  
GOING TO PAY PLENTY  
AFTER THIS!



MINKO  
GOES  
ON...

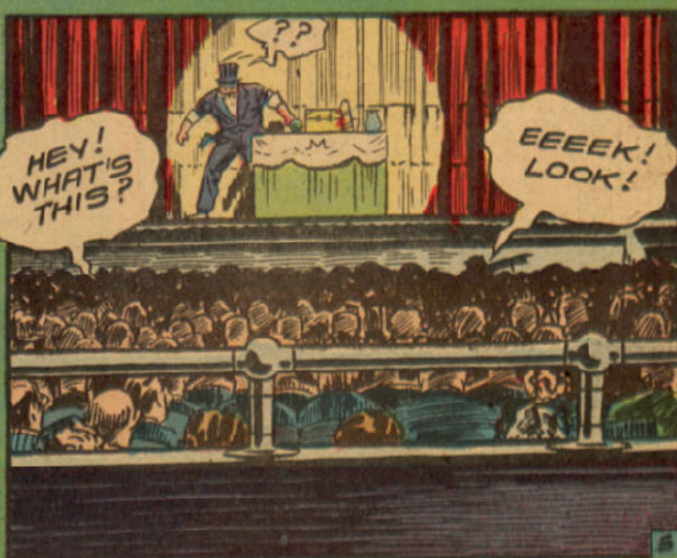
AH... I SEE YOU  
ARE READY FOR  
ZE TRICKS, EH?

WATCH! ZE  
HAND IS QUICKER  
ZAN ZE EYE!

AND NOW, FOR THE  
MOST MYSTIFYING OF  
ALL MY TRICKS!

HEY!  
WHAT'S  
THIS?

EEEEK!  
LOOK!





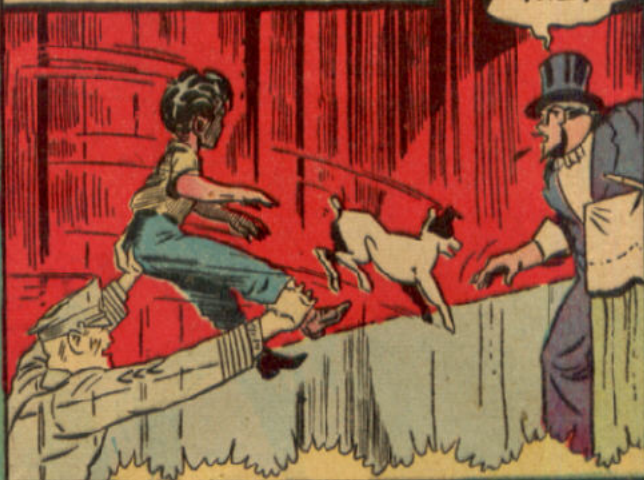
**JERRY COMES 'FLOATING'**  
DOWN THE AISLE...

HOW'RE  
WE DOIN'?

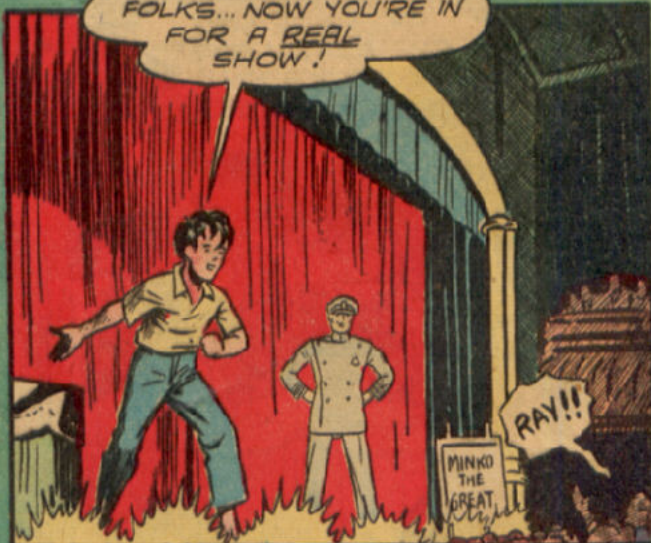


...RIGHT ONTO THE STAGE!

WHAT  
THE?



FOLKS... NOW YOU'RE IN  
FOR A REAL  
SHOW!



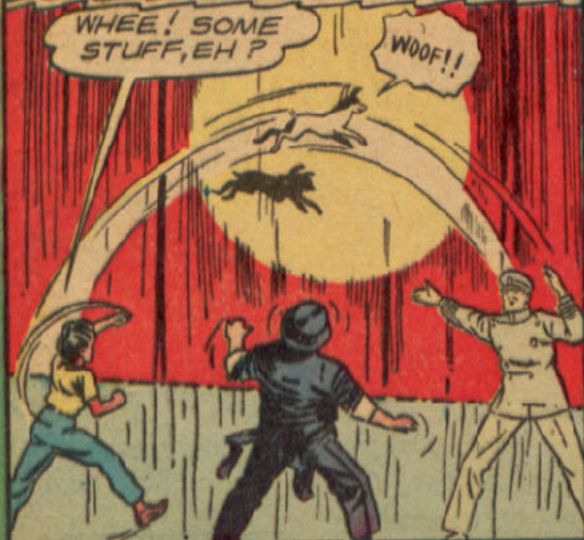
RAY!!

MINKO  
THE  
GREAT

THE AUDIENCE IS DUMBFOUNDED...

WHEE! SOME  
STUFF, EH?

WOOF!!

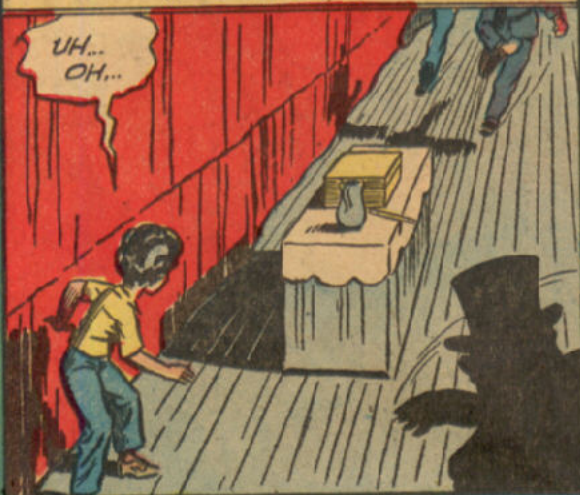


THIS IS ONLY THE  
START. NOW I'LL  
SHOW YOU  
SOMETHING  
GOOD!

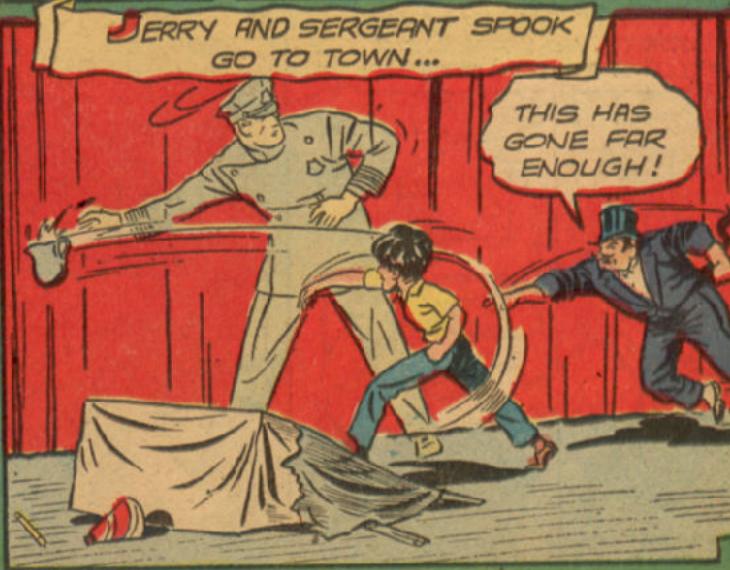
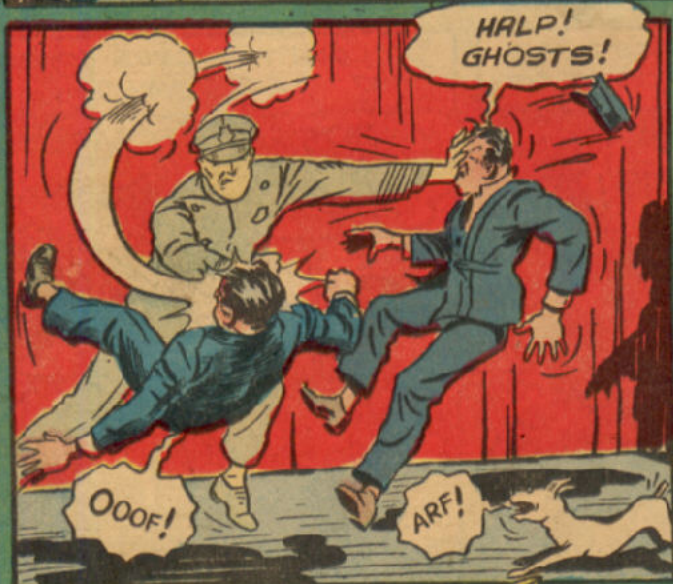




MINKO SIGNALS HIS HENCHMEN IN THE WINGS.



SERGEANT SPOOK ACTS!





MINKO DIVES  
FOR JERRY!

I'LL GET  
YOU FOR  
THIS!

..But..

NOT THIS  
TIME, MINKO!

ALLEZ  
OOP!

WHAT  
IS  
THIS?

UP YOU  
GO, PAL!

THE AUDIENCE THINKS  
IT'S PART OF THE ACT.

SWELL!

FINE!

YEA!

THE CURTAIN COMES DOWN  
AND SO DOES MINKO...

MAYBE THIS WILL  
TEACH YOU NOT  
TO KIDNAP  
PEOPLE!

AND  
HOW!

A GREAT PERFORMANCE,  
JERRY. HOW ABOUT A  
LONG TERM CONTRACT?

G-GOSH!

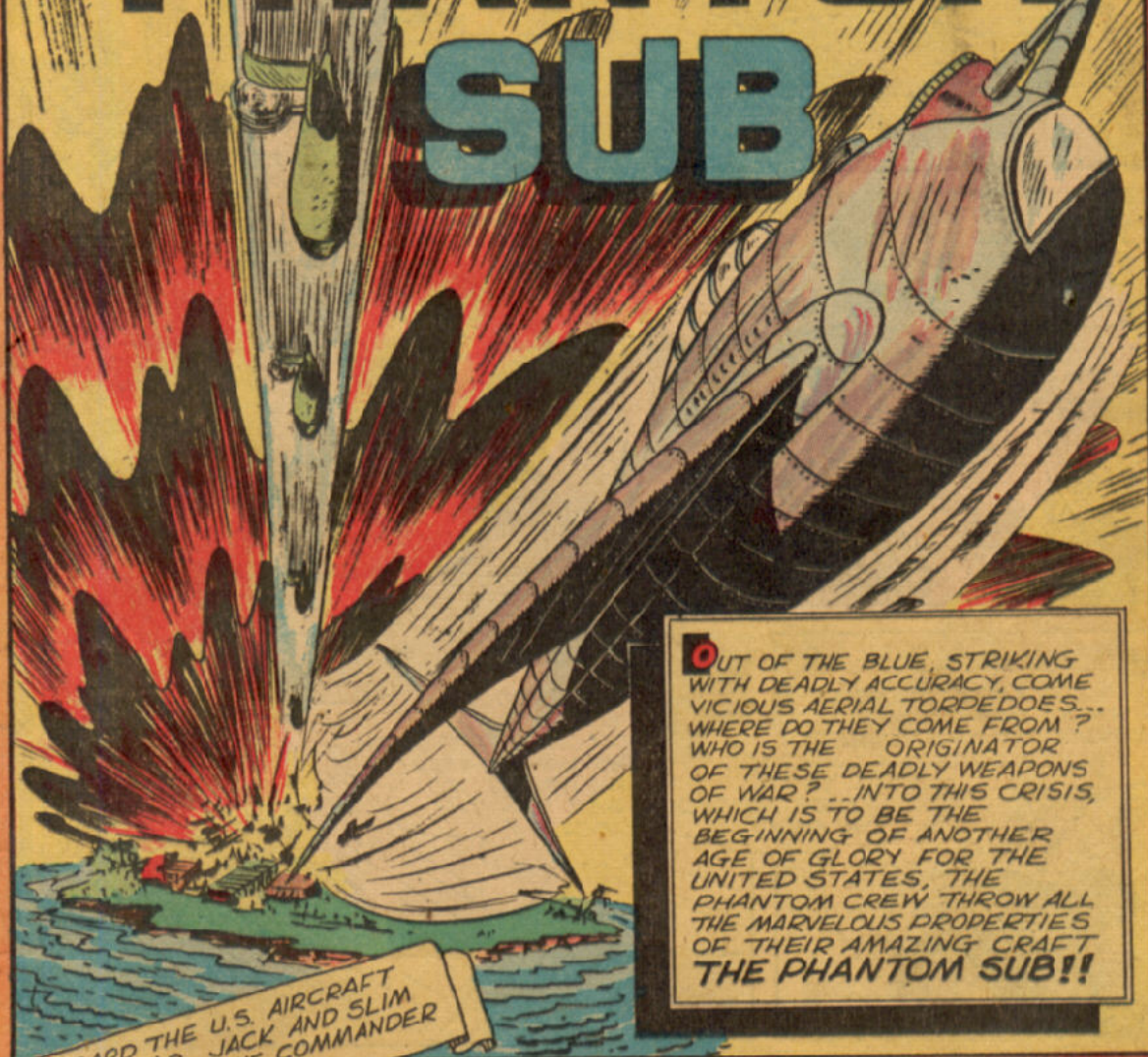
DID YOU  
SEE THE LOOK  
ON MINKO'S  
FACE?

HE WON'T  
TRY  
ANYTHING  
LIKE THAT  
AGAIN.

**SERGEANT  
SPOOK**  
AND  
**JERRY,**  
HIS  
"PSYCHIC" SIDEKICK,  
WILL RETURN  
IN THE NEXT  
**BLUE BOLT**  
WITH ANOTHER  
**THRILLER  
CHILLER!**



# the PHANTOM SUB



**O**UT OF THE BLUE, STRIKING WITH DEADLY ACCURACY, COME VICIOUS AERIAL TORPEDOES... WHERE DO THEY COME FROM? WHO IS THE ORIGINATOR OF THESE DEADLY WEAPONS OF WAR? ...INTO THIS CRISIS, WHICH IS TO BE THE BEGINNING OF ANOTHER AGE OF GLORY FOR THE UNITED STATES, THE PHANTOM CREW THROW ALL THE MARVELOUS PROPERTIES OF THEIR AMAZING CRAFT **THE PHANTOM SUB!!**

**A**BOARD THE U.S. AIRCRAFT CARRIER #2, JACK AND SLIM CONFER WITH THE COMMANDER OF THE CARRIER -

I FIGURE THAT THESE TORPEDOES WERE SENT ON A RADIO BEAM.

YES. WHOEVER IS SENDING THEM MUST HAVE A POWERFUL TRANSMITTER HIDDEN SOMEWHERE IN THE VICINITY!

WE'VE GOT TO FIND OUT WHERE THEY COME FROM!... BUT HOW? IT'S LIKE TRYING TO TRACE A GHOST!

THE ONLY THING I CAN SEE IS TO HAVE THE PHANTOM SUB AND ALL MY PLANES TRY TO LOCATE THAT BEAM!

THAT'S IT! LET'S GET GOING!





SO FOR DAYS, WITH UNCEASING VIGILANCE, ALL SQUADRONS OF THE AIRCRAFT CARRIER AND THE PHANTOM SUB PATROL THE SKIES...



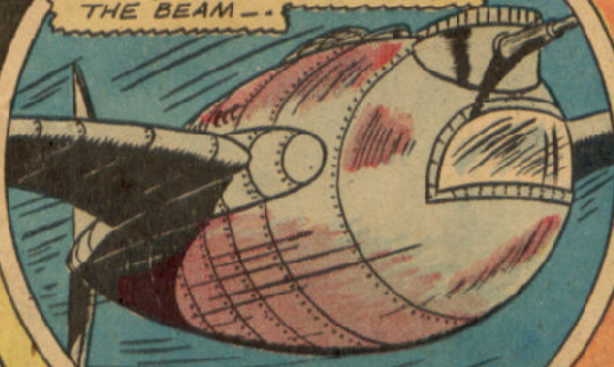
WHEN ONE DAY ABOARD THE PHANTOM SUB...

AW, IT'S NO USE! WE'LL NEVER LOCATE THAT BEAM!

JACK!... SLIM! LISTEN TO THIS!!

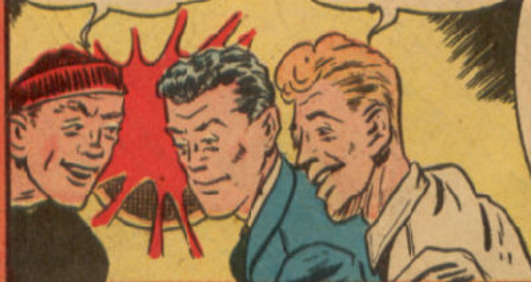


WITH THEIR RADIO KEEPING THEM ON THEIR COURSE, THE PHANTOM CREW SENDS THE SUB SHOOTING ALONG THE BEAM...



HEAR THAT? IT'S A LONG CONTINUOUS SIGNAL, AND VERY STRONG!

YES, IT'S THE BEAM! WE'VE GOT IT!



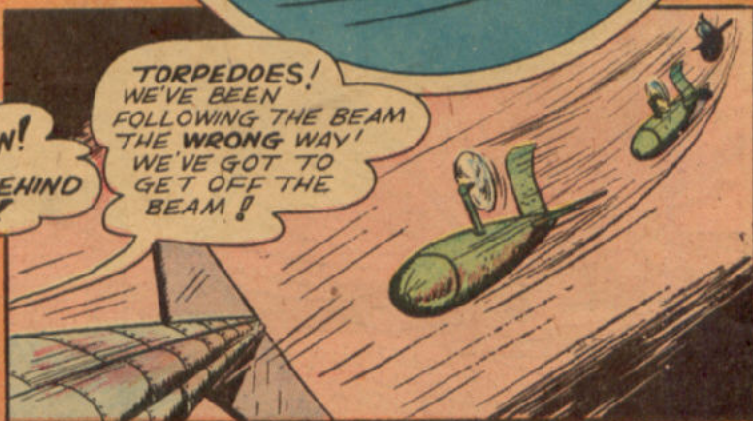
IT'S NOT LONG UNTIL...

THE BEAM IS TAKING US RIGHT DOWN TOWARD THAT TRAMP STEAMER. I WONDER IF...

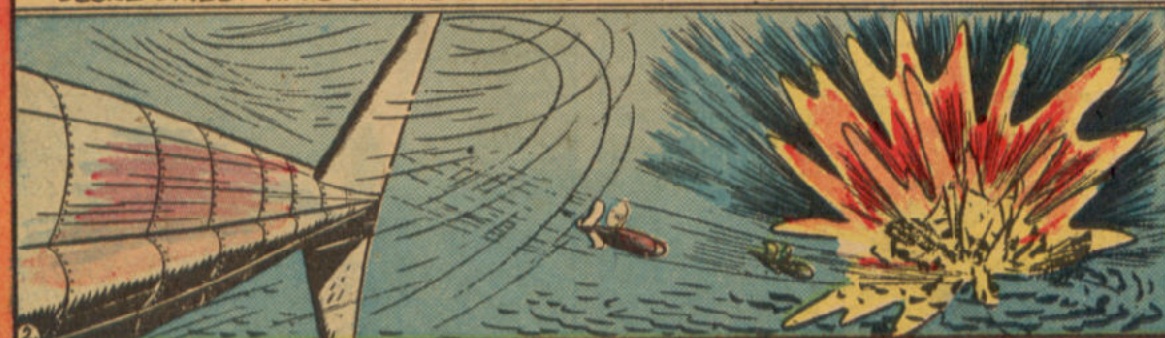
YEEOW! LOOK BEHIND US!!



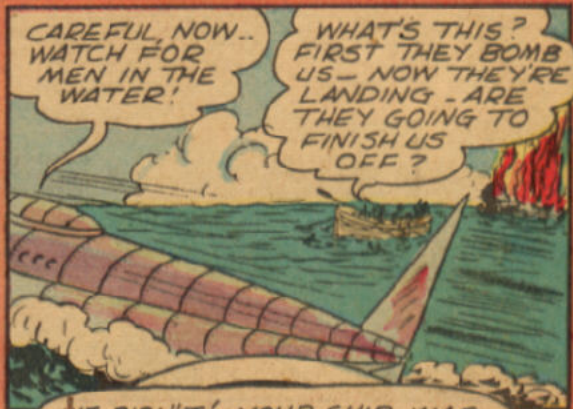
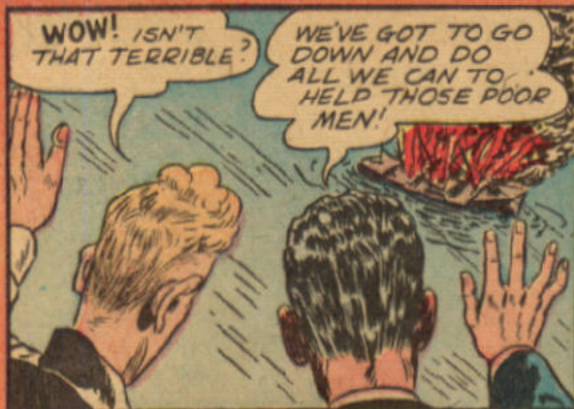
TORPEDOES! WE'VE BEEN FOLLOWING THE BEAM THE WRONG WAY! WE'VE GOT TO GET OFF THE BEAM!



THE PHANTOM SUB SWERVES OFF THE BEAM TO SAFETY, BUT THE TORPEDOES SCORE DIRECT HITS ON THE UNSUSPECTING TRAMP STEAMER --!











THAT TRANSMITTER  
MIGHT BE HIDDEN  
ON ANY ONE OF  
THESE ISLANDS!

YEAH! BUT IT  
WOULD TAKE  
US WEEKS TO  
SEARCH THEM  
ALL THOROUGHLY!



**THEN... SUDDENLY...**

HEY! THERE'S AN  
AWFUL LOT OF  
DISTURBANCE IN  
THE AIR HERE!

YEAH?  
PERHAPS THIS  
IS IT THEN!



**Just then**  
ON THE ISLAND BELOW.

I DON'T LIKE THE  
LOOKS OF THAT  
STRANGE AIRCRAFT,  
HERR BRAUTEN!

NEITHER DO  
I, TOTO --  
LET'S BLAST  
IT TO  
PIECES!

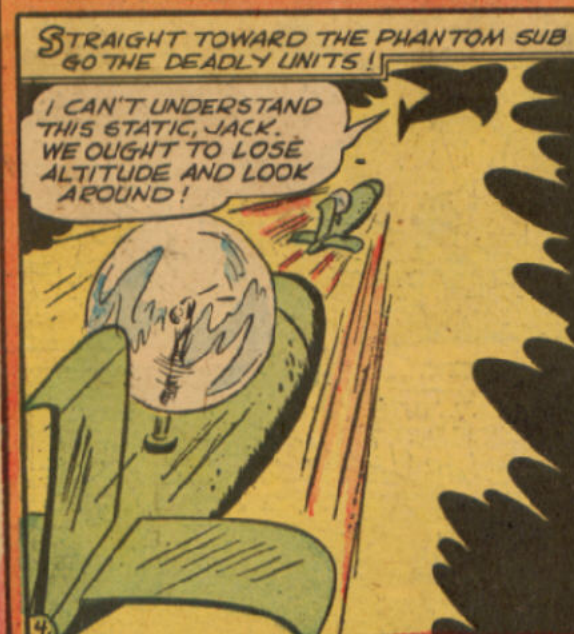


I'VE MADE  
CONTACT WITH  
THEM! L4...  
13... 2.

L4...13...2.  
GO TO IT,  
MY LITTLE  
PETS!



PICKING UP THE BEAM, THE RADIO-  
CONTROLLED TORPEDOES  
SHOOT INTO THE AIR!!



STRAIGHT TOWARD THE PHANTOM SUB  
GO THE DEADLY UNITS!

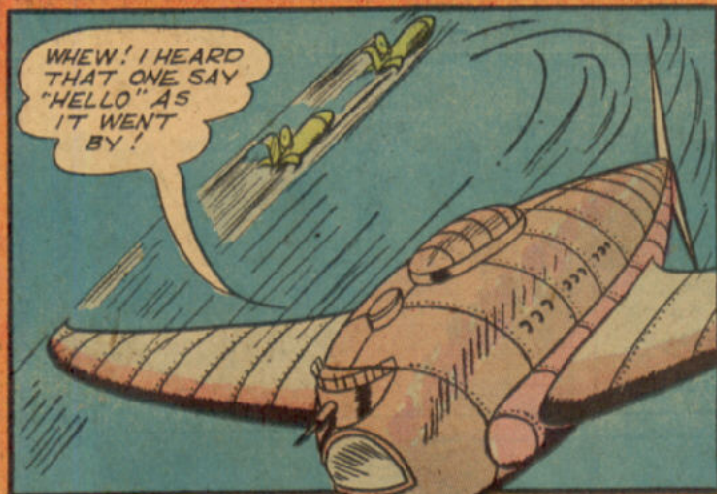
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND  
THIS STATIC, JACK.  
WE OUGHT TO LOSE  
ALTITUDE AND LOOK  
AROUND!



**THE PHANTOM SUB IS  
SENT EARTHWARD. BUT...**

YIPE! WE'VE FOUND THE TORPEDOES  
ALL RIGHT... BUT THEY'VE ALSO  
FOUND US!





WHEW! I HEARD THAT ONE SAY "HELLO" AS IT WENT BY!

BUT THE DANGER IS FAR FROM AVERTED BECAUSE THE BEAM STILL CONTACTS THEM AND ONE AFTER ANOTHER OF THE DEADLY TORPEDOES SEARCH THE AIR --



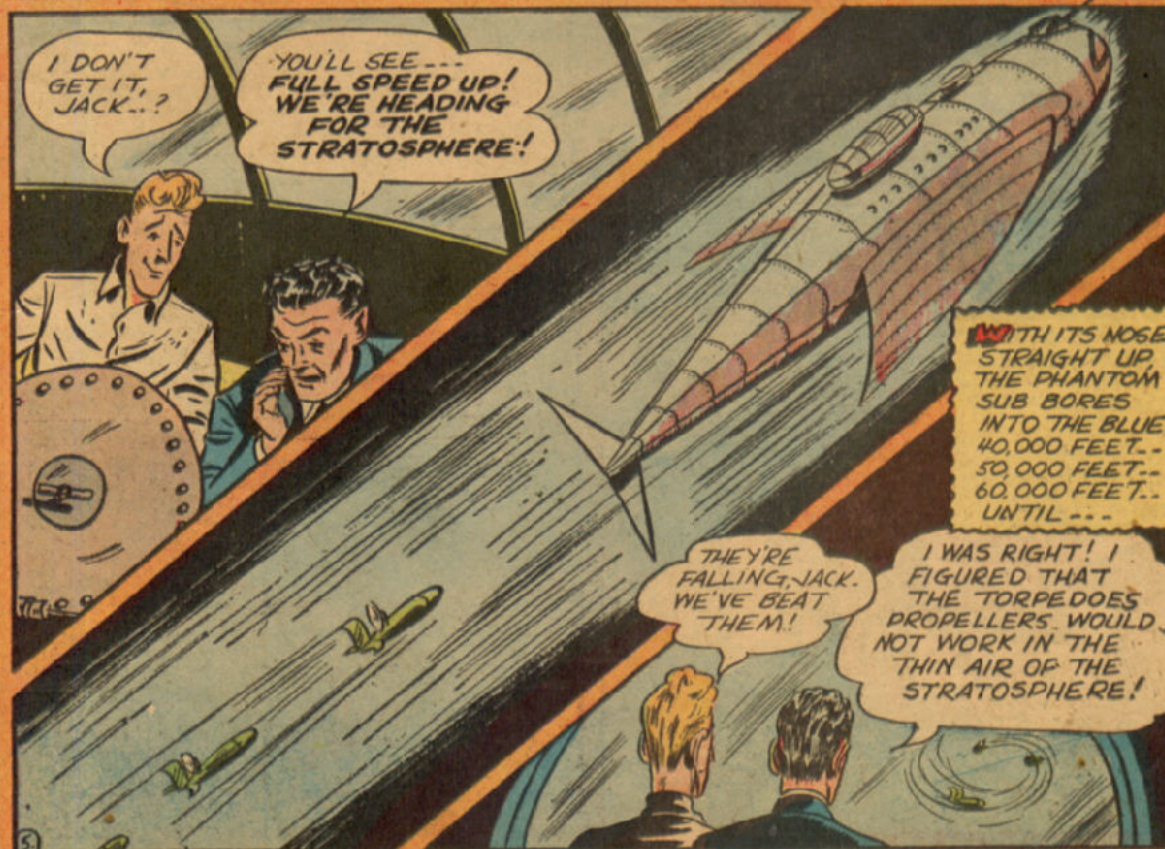
WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING, JACK! ONE OF THEM IS BOUND TO GET US!

SOMEHOW WE'VE GOT TO LOSE THAT BEAM. BUT HOW -- ?



IF WE WERE ONLY MAGICIANS WE COULD VANISH INTO THIN AIR!

YEAH, ... HEY! THIN AIR ---- OF COURSE, THE STRATOSPHERE!



I DON'T GET IT, JACK...?

YOU'LL SEE --- FULL SPEED UP! WE'RE HEADING FOR THE STRATOSPHERE!

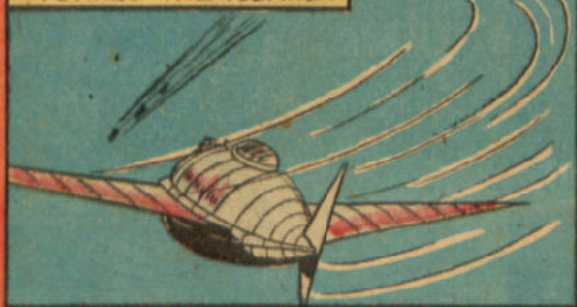
WITH ITS NOSE STRAIGHT UP THE PHANTOM SUB BORES INTO THE BLUE. 40,000 FEET. - 50,000 FEET. - 60,000 FEET. - UNTIL ---

THEY'RE FALLING, JACK. WE'VE BEAT THEM!

I WAS RIGHT! I FIGURED THAT THE TORPEDOES PROPELLERS WOULD NOT WORK IN THE THIN AIR OF THE STRATOSPHERE!

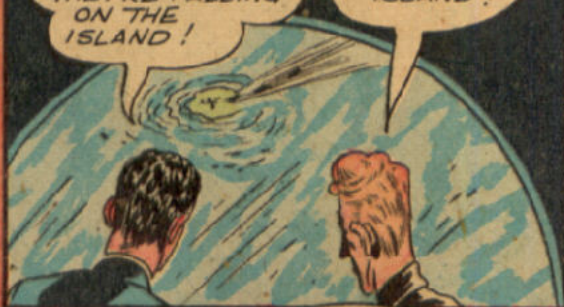


SWINGING IN A WIDE ARC, SO THAT THE BEAM WILL NOT PICK IT UP AGAIN, THE PHANTOM SUB SHOOT'S DOWN TOWARD THE ISLAND...

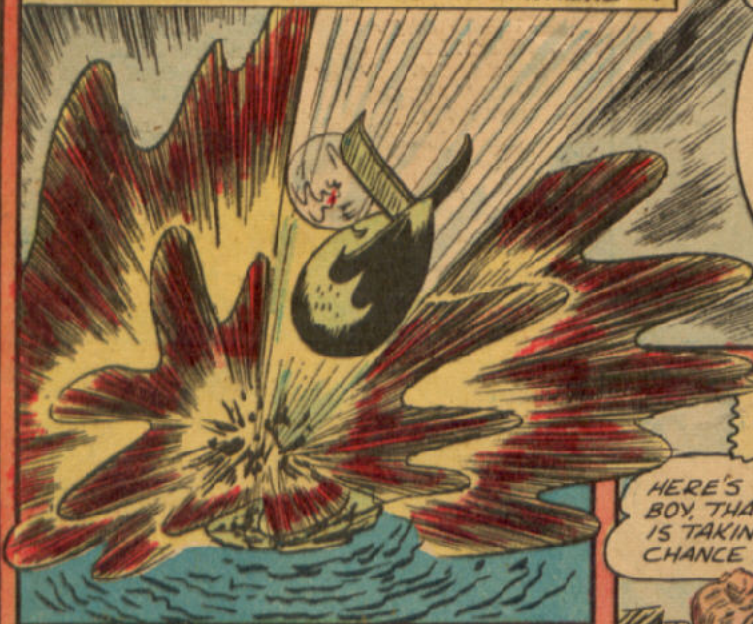


LOOK! THOSE THINGS ARE LIKE BOOMERANGS -- THEY'RE FALLING ON THE ISLAND!

OH, OH! GOOD-BYE ISLAND!



HAVING LOST THEIR POWER TO FLY, THE TORPEDOES DRIFT BACK ON THE BEAM AND FALL DIRECTLY ON THE ISLAND -- WHERE --!



CONTACT COMMANDER EAGLES.. TELL HIM TO GET HERE AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE!



THE SUB IS LANDED AND JACK AND SLIM VIEW THE REMAINS OF THE ISLAND.

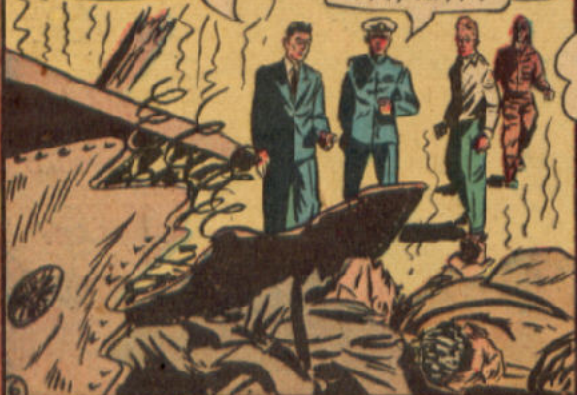
HERE'S THE COMMANDER. DON'T WORRY, BOY, THAT PILOT IS TAKING A CHANCE LANDING.

SLIM, THE U.S. NAVY PILOTS ARE THE WORLD'S BEST.



ONE JAPANESE AND ONE GERMAN, COMMANDER. ALL THE EQUIPMENT WAS JAPANESE, TOO!

MORE OF THEIR VICIOUS, UNDERHANDED METHODS OF WAR, EH? WELL, THIS IS FINISHED, ANYWAY!



GREAT WORK, JACK. NOW TO CLEAN THEM OUT OF THE PACIFIC, TOO. REMEMBER PEARL HARBOR!



**MORE**  
OF  
**PHANTOM**  
**SUB**  
IN THE  
NEXT ISSUE  
OF  
**BLUE**  
**BOLT**



# OLD CAP HAWKINS' TALES

**D**URING THE FRENCH AND INDIAN WAR, COLONEL GEORGE WASHINGTON, ASSISTING GENERAL BRADDOCK, HAD HIS REGIMENT BESIEGED BY INDIAN AND FRENCH FIGHTERS.

JOEY, IN THE VERY BEGINNING OF AMERICAN HISTORY, THE 115<sup>th</sup> INFANTRY FOUGHT TO ESTABLISH OUR COUNTRY. HERE IS HOW THEY GOT THEIR BATTLE MOTTO...

**"LIBERTY OR DEATH!"**

**W**ASHINGTON'S UNIFORM WAS SHOT FULL OF HOLES. HIS MEN JUMPED FOR THE TREES AND FOUGHT INDIAN FASHION.



**T**HE BRITISH, UNACCUSTOMED TO THIS TYPE OF WARFARE, REMAINED IN FILE, AND LOST ALMOST THEIR ENTIRE GROUP, BUT WASHINGTON'S MEN SAVED THE DAY.





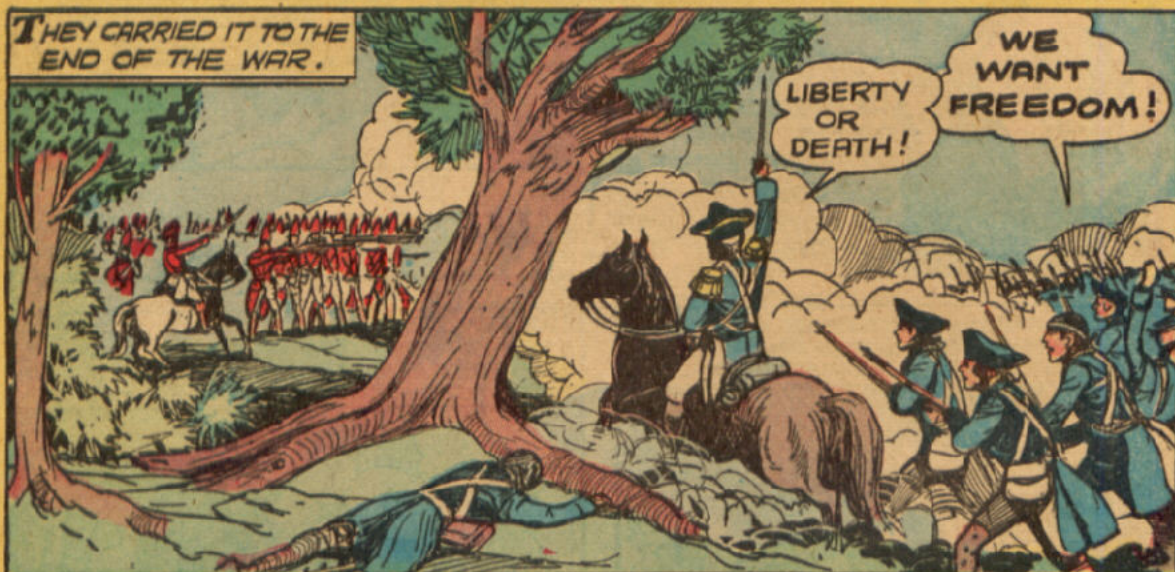
IN 1775, PATRICK HENRY WAS APPOINTED REGIMENTAL COLONEL.



FROM HIS FIERY SPEECH IN THE VIRGINIA HOUSE OF BURGESSSES, THE REGIMENT ADOPTED THEIR MOTTO!



THEY CARRIED IT TO THE END OF THE WAR.



AS THE 'VIRGINIA INFANTRY' IN THE CIVIL WAR, CHARGING HILL BATTERIES WAS THEIR SPECIALTY.



THEY TURNED THE CAPTURED CANNON ON THE ENEMY.



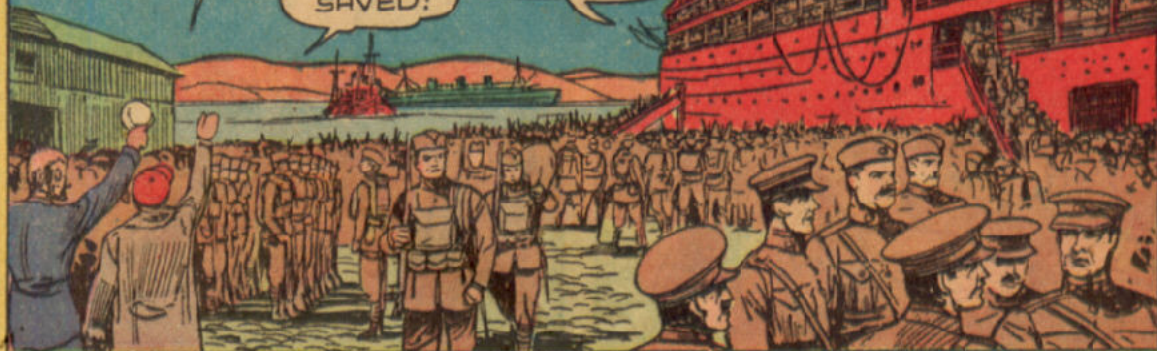


NEXT CAME THE WORLD WAR, AND THEY DISTINGUISHED THEMSELVES WITH VALOR.

VIVE L'AMÉRIQUE!

HELLO, FRANCE!  
LIBERTY FOR  
US AND DEATH  
TO THE HUNS!

WE ARE  
SAVED!



IN THE ADVANCE ON BULL-  
RUY BOIS, THREE NESTS OF  
SEVEN MACHINE GUNS  
HELD UP THE ADVANCE.

WE MUST DO  
SOMETHING!



PRIVATE GASPANI BLASTED  
THE POSITIONS WITH  
GRENADES...



...WIPING OUT THREE GUNS.

THAT TAKES CARE  
OF YOU!



... AND CAPTURING 12  
GERMANS ..

COME OUT WITH  
YOUR HANDS  
UP!

KAMERAD!



THE OTHER MEN, FIGHTING  
INDIAN FASHION, BEHIND  
ANY PROTECTION, SHOT  
AWAY AT SNIPERS.

THAT  
MAKES  
SIX FOR  
ME!

A HIT!



THE GERMANS WERE AMAZED  
AT THEIR MARKSMANSHIP.

GOTT,  
WHAT  
SHOOTING!





**S**UFFERING HEAVY LOSSES FROM MACHINE GUN FIRE, THE GROUP LED BY CAPTAIN ALFRED D. BARKSDALE, WAS RAPIDLY BEING DEPLETED.

IT'S THOSE MACHINE GUNS UP AHEAD!



**R**USHING THE GUNS, BARKSDALE CAPTURED THEM AND THE GUNNERS!

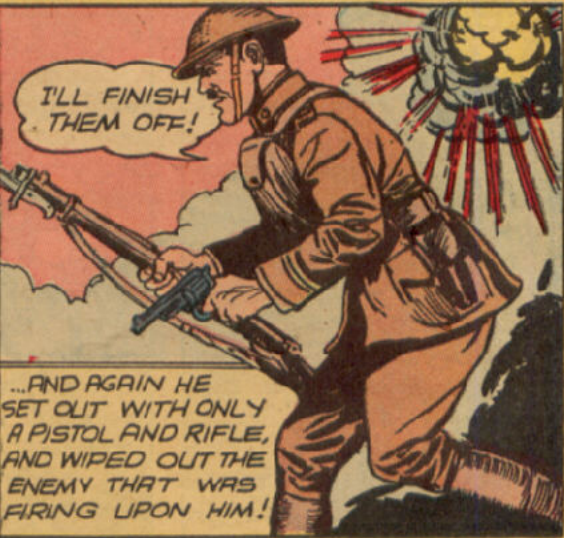
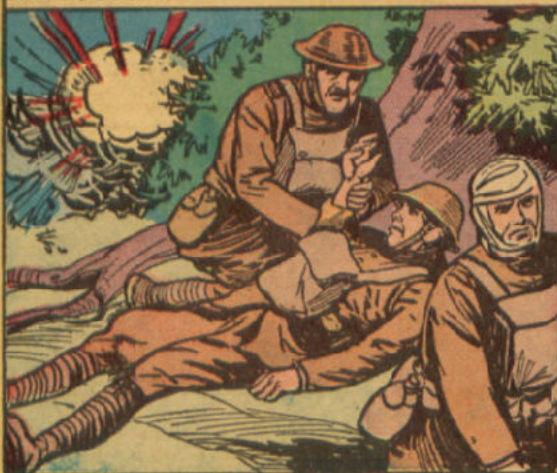
"HOLLER UNCLE," OR YOU'LL EAT A GRENADE!

VE QUIT!

DON'T THROW IT!



**T**HEN... EXPOSED TO HEAVY BOMBARDMENT, BARKSDALE DRESSED THE WOUNDED.

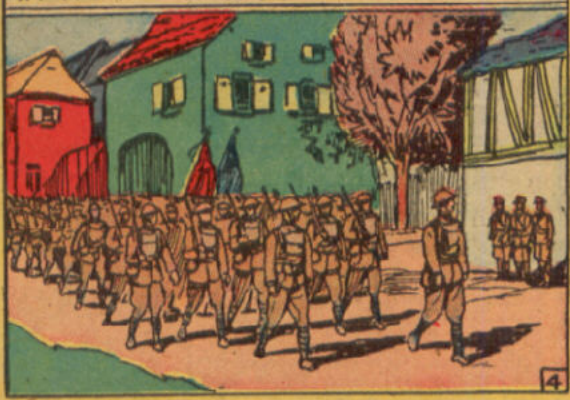


I'LL FINISH THEM OFF!

...AND AGAIN HE SET OUT WITH ONLY A PISTOL AND RIFLE, AND WIPE OUT THE ENEMY THAT WAS FIRING UPON HIM!



**A**T THE WAR'S CLOSE, THE REGIMENT WAS HONORED BY FIELD MARSHAL SIR DOUGLAS HAIG. NOW, THEY ARE PREPARING FOR FURTHER GLORY IN WORLD WAR II.









# A Case of Poison Ivy

BY MICKEY SPILLANE

**J**ERRY, HOP OVER to the Wilkins Hotel. Someone just knocked off Big Tom Slade!" The young reporter at the desk dropped his pencil and snatched his hat from the rack. "Big Tom, eh?" Jerry's thoughts were racing as he dashed for the elevator, scratching an itch on his back. Slade was just out of prison, where he spent a couple of years on an income tax evasion charge. Rumor had it that Slade had salted a nice pile of cash away to start over when he got out. "No doubt the killers were after that."

At the hotel Jerry didn't wait for the clerk to call up. He spied two cops heading for the elevator, and scratching as he went, got in with them. "Say," he asked, "what's the story on the Slade killing?" The cop glared at him. "Who're you?"

"Reporter from the 'Chronicle'." He flashed his press card. The cops looked at each other.

"I don't know how it got to the papers so fast. He's only been dead an hour or so. From what we see, Slade was killed by an unknown assailant by a bullet through the head. His place was untouched, so the robbery motive is out, and he had no enemies that we know of. Any that had reason to kill him are in the pen."

"Any trace of that dough Slade was supposed to have bunked ever show up?"

"Naw, I think that's a lot of hokey. He had plenty of it at one time, but he spent it pretty fast, too. He might have salted some of it away, but if he did it was hidden very neatly. No word of it ever came over the grape-

vine!" Jerry rubbed his back against the elevator wall trying to get rid of a crawling sensation along his spine.

"Well if there's no other motive, then the hidden dough angle ought to be a good bet to try anyway!"

Stopping at the eighteenth floor, the door opened and they stepped out. Jerry was on friendly terms with the captain in charge, so no one objected when he ducked into the room. One look around showed him that the room was in order. The body was sitting in an armchair with a neat bullet hole in the middle of the forehead, and the legs were crossed as if death were the last thing in his mind when the killer struck.

Jerry frowned, perplexed. If he were to scoop the other papers he had to clean this thing up fast. Some very puzzling thoughts were buzzing around in his head, and whenever that happened he knew he'd soon stumble on a clue to the crime. Quickly, he went through the drawers in the dresser and desk, but outside of a few hundred dollars in ten dollar bills he found nothing.

Sitting down in a chair facing the corpse, Jerry did some tall thinking. Robbery was out, as the cop had said, unless the murderer was after bigger stuff. Maybe there was something in that rumor, after all. If Big Tom had a half million hidden away as he was supposed to have, then the stakes would be high enough for anybody. From the position of the body, Slade must have known the intruder. Jerry scratched his neck. Doggone itch, he thought.

Suddenly a possibility flashed into his mind. Jim Collins, Slade's former aide! He jumped up to go, but something on the floor caught his eye. A match, bent double as though the person had lit it the trick way one does, with one hand, bending the match back against the striking surface. That was it. The one who lit that match must have had a gun in the other hand! He stuck the thing in his pocket.

He scratched all the way to Collins' apartment, mentally reminding himself to get something to relieve the itch. The door was opened by a thin looking mug with eyes that were a cold grey. "What do yer want?"

"I'm Jerry Harper from the Chronicle. I wanna know if you got anything on the Slade killing." Collins' jaw dropped open.

"Slade dead?" he gasped out. Jerry nodded, scratching his leg. He had hoped to trap Jim, but evidently he didn't know about the murder since it wasn't in the papers yet. Acting on a hunch, Jerry pulled out a cigarette and lit it with one hand. He ripped the match off and threw it to the floor, significantly. Collins watched him, but said nothing.

"I guess that's all then." Jerry turned down the hall as the door slammed behind him. The next stop was at Mike Bedloe's office. He was Big Tom Slade's lawyer, and his shady reputation was not beyond suspicion. Bedloe's secretary admitted him to the inner chambers. The lawyer was a mean looking man, with a short mustache and close-cropped hair. He sneered at Jerry. "I guess you want some dope on Slade, eh? Well, I haven't anything to say!"

**Poison Ivy proves to be a Sure Cure for a Killer!**



"How do you know about his death?" Jerry spat out. "It hasn't been in the papers yet!"

"Captain Carter called me ten minutes ago. Now scram!" Jerry felt like taking a poke at him, but he was too busy scratching. Instead he lit a match exactly as he did at Collins' place, then walked out. A taxi took him to Slade's old gambling house, now owned by "Whitey" Alpin. On the street the newsboys were screaming out the headlines. Nerts, he thought, he wouldn't be able to trick Alpin into anything now that the story was out.

From now on he'd have to trust to luck, and if he ever uncovered the killer it would be a surprise to him.

Jerry's hand slapped against his leg. The fingers clawed at an itchy spot, raking over it with sharp nails. Jerry looked at the roof and groaned. "Why did this have to happen to me? If I didn't go to the country for a week-end I wouldn't have caught this blasted poison ivy. On top of all my troubles I gotta get that!" He fished in a pocket for the fare, paid off the driver and stepped out.

THE COPPER CLUB was running wide open when the reporter got there. Smoke hung lazily around the tables, and waiters that looked more like football players were everywhere. Whitey met him with a smile, his ever present cigar in his mouth. "So, you're on the Slade case! Too bad about Big Tom—he was a nice guy."

Jerry scratched as he spoke. "What's in the rumor that Slade had a pile of dough hidden away? Know anything about it?"

"Nope. That is, I think he had it all right, but I don't know where."

Jerry gabbled awhile, then pulled the match trick. No response. Well, his leads had petered out. He'd have to try a new approach. He climbed into bed at his bachelor apartments

and pulled the covers over his head.

It might have been a sixth sense that awakened him, but he knew that someone was in the room with him. No light came in the window, leaving the place so dark you couldn't see your hand in front of your face. He itched violently, but dared not betray the fact that he was awake by scratching. The tension was unbearable. A neon light in the street flashed periodically, and for a brief second he saw the glint of a knife! He knew that in a moment the killer would be on him, unless he acted.

The light blinked again, and Jerry's hand shot out. He caught the wrist that held the weapon and twisted it furiously. The steel fell to the floor! But the battle was not over. There in the dark he stood toe to toe with the would be murderer, slugging left and right. They tripped over chairs and fell with a crash. A roundhouse right caught his assailant, knocking him against the wall. Outside, feet were clumping on the floor, and a hand knocked at the door demanding to know what was going on. Before he could answer a fist got him square on the jaw and the lights went out.

Jerry came to ten minutes later. A crowd of people were in the room gaping at him. A glance at the window told him that his midnight attacker had fled down the fire escape. A second look proved that he'd taken his weapon with him. He got rid of the people to sit down to think and scratch. One thing he knew—his ruse had been successful! One of the three men he pulled the match trick on got wise and tried to finish him.

As usual, his head was jammed with thoughts, racing back and forth trying to come to a conclusion. Try as he might he could not piece them together. He sat there until morning, alternately thinking and scratching. The sun

was climbing in his window when he saw what was bothering him. "Why it's easy," he said softly, "simple as eating pie!" He picked up the phone and dialed police headquarters. "Hello, Captain Carter? I think I have something on the Slade murder."

"What! Shoot it to me."

"Not so fast, Captain. I want you to get Collins, Mike Bedloe and Whitey Alpin together in three days. Let's see, today is Monday. How about Thursday night at eight."

"Why Thursday?"

"What I have in mind will take three days to develop!"

"Okay. But you better have something good, or we'll have our heads handed to us, especially yours."

"Don't worry. It'll be good!"

THURSDAY NIGHT the three suspects, Captain Carter, Jerry and four plainclothesmen gathered in Slade's death room. There was a little trouble getting them together, with Bedloe screaming about false arrest, but Carter managed. They all sat around a table, and Jerry went into the story of the killing. Carefully he eyed their every move as he spoke, and as the story drew to a close he saw Whitey Alpin's hand come up and start to scratch his neck.

With a bound Jerry cleared the table, and had him on the floor. His movement was so sudden that the others had no time to move. "Here's your man, Captain. When he jumped me that night in my apartment, he was infected with that blasted itch I have. I knew he was the one as soon as he started scratching. He must have found out where Slade hid his dough and killed him so he wouldn't get to it."

Jerry laughed at the killer. "It's too bad about that itch, old man, but the electric chair will cure it pretty soon!"

THE END



*Edison*

BELL



AFTER ESCAPING FROM THE ISLAND IN CRUDE SAILING BOATS, EDDIE, JERRY, ANTON AND BILL, THE PILOT, WERE PICKED UP BY A MYSTERIOUS TRAMP STEAMER AND FORCED TO WORK IN THE BOILER ROOM FOR THEIR MEALS. BILL, HOWEVER, TOO WEAK TO WORK, WAS THROWN INTO A BARE DECK-CABIN WITHOUT FOOD UNTIL HE'S WELL ENOUGH TO EARN IT!

BY RAY GILL  
AND  
HAROLD DELAY

AFTER A HARD DAY'S WORK, THE BOYS LIE ON THE FLOOR, EXHAUSTED.



GOSH! BILL MUST BE PRETTY HUNGRY BY NOW!

YEAH!

BILL!? I'M STARVING!

SUDDENLY THE HEAVY DOOR OPENS AND A SAILOR COMES IN WITH SOME FOOD ...

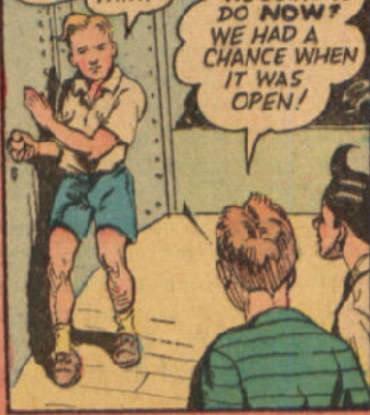


... DON'T YOU KIDS TRY ANYTHING FUNNY! I'LL BE BACK TO CHECK ON YOU EVERY LITTLE WHILE!

AHH! --FOOD!

... THEN THE SAILOR LEAVES.

HE'S LOCKED THE DOOR AFTER HIM!



HOLY CATS!

WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO NOW? WE HAD A CHANCE WHEN IT WAS OPEN!



BUT EDDIE HAS IDEAS!

I'LL KNOCK THE KEY OUT WITH THIS WIRE, ONTO THE CANVAS I'VE PUSHED UNDER THE DOOR, AND PULL IT BACK IN HERE!

SWELL!

IN A MOMENT HE HAS THE DOOR OPEN!

THAT DOES IT!

NOW TO GET UP ON DECK!

TAKE IT EASY! WE'LL HAVE TO GET BILL, FIRST!

THE BOYS SPLIT THEIR THREE PORTIONS OF FOOD INTO FOUR.

I'LL TAKE THIS GRUB TO BILL--WE'LL ALL NEED ENERGY TO GET OFF THIS TUB!

OKAY! HOPE YOU FIND HIM! --ANTON AND I BETTER WAIT HERE!

EDDIE SETS OUT TO LOOK FOR BILL!

HE'S NOT IN HERE! I'LL TRY THE DECK CABINS

A SEAMAN GOES BY, BUT EDDIE FLATTENS AGAINST THE WALL!

BOY! THAT WAS A CLOSE SHAVE!

EDDIE SOON FINDS THE CABIN BILL IS IN ---

HMM! -- ON THE FLOOR... MUST BE ASLEEP... I HOPE!

AS EDDIE IS ABOUT TO WAKE BILL, HE HEARS A COMMOTION ON DECK...

WHAT'S GOING ON OUT THERE? --HMMM!--

BILL IS ASLEEP AND SEEMS OKAY-- I'D BETTER TAKE A LOOK OUTSIDE--



I'D BETTER LEAVE THE FOOD HERE AND GET BACK TO THE BOYS! LOOKS LIKE SOMETHING'S UP!



THREE MEN RUSH BY, AND EDDIE IS ALMOST DISCOVERED!

SOMETHING STRANGE GOING ON HERE, ALL RIGHT!



THE MEN PULL A CANVAS FROM A BULKY OBJECT ON DECK...



WELL, I'LL BE...! IT'S A CABIN-JOB AUTO-GYRO! OH-OH! THERE'S THE PILOT!

THE PILOT ADJUSTS HIS GLASS HELMET WHILE THE CAPTAIN TALKS TO HIM THROUGH THE RADIO.

KEEP IN TOUCH WITH US UNDE THE SHORE BASE. YOU SHOULD BE BACK SHORTLY! DO NOT FAIL!

YA! MEIN KAPITAN!



THE AUTO-GYRO TAKES OFF!

HOLY SMOKE! THEY'RE NAZIS!

I'LL HURRY BACK AND TELL JERRY AND ANTON ABOUT THIS!



Later... BACK IN THE BOILER ROOM...

... AND THEN IT TOOK OFF! THIS MIGHT BE OUR CHANCE TO ESCAPE IF BILL IS ABLE TO FLY IT!

YEAH!

SHHH! I HEAR FOOT- STEPS!



THE DOOR OPENS...

IT'S A GOOD THING YOU KIDS ARE ALL STILL HERE!

IF HE WERE ONLY A LITTLE CLOSER, WE COULD RUSH HIM!



JUST THEN... A BLOW LANDS ON HIS HEAD FROM BEHIND!

OOF!

POW

WHAT?





... AND THE BOYS ARE FURTHER SURPRISED TO SEE BILL STRUT IN --- FIT AS A FIDDLE!

BILL! ... WE THOUGHT--

THAT SICK ACT WAS FOR THE CAPTAIN! I SPOTTED THAT AUTO-GYRO AND WANTED TO BE NEAR IT!

YOU SURE FOOLED US!



THEY TIE UP THE SAILOR AND BILL CHANGES CLOTHES WITH HIM ... BILL HEARS THEIR PLAN.

SOUNDS GOOD, EDDIE! THIS UNIFORM WILL DO THE TRICK!

HURRY! I HEAR THE PLANE COMING BACK!



THEY CAUTIOUSLY MAKE THEIR WAY TO THE FORE-DECK, AS THE PLANE RETURNS ...

HE ISS BACK IN GOOT TIME! YA!



WHEN THE AUTO-GYRO LANDS, TWO MEN GET OUT ... THE NEW MAN IS A JAP ...



THOSE ARE STRATOSPHERE SUITS, EDDIE! THE PILOTS FLEW HIGH TO KEEP OUT OF SIGHT!

WELCOME! DER KAPITAN ISS VAITING!



AS THE TWO STRANGELY-CLAD FOREIGNERS LEAVE THE PLANE, IT IS HASTILY COVERED ... THEN THE TWO SAILORS LEAVE ...



WHEN THEY LEAVE, OUR FRIENDS SNATCH OFF THE CANVAS ... BILL JUMPS TO THE CONTROLS!



AND THEY'RE OFF! ... AMID A VOLLEY OF SHOTS FROM THE STARTLED CREW!



THEY ARE SOON SAFELY OUT OF RANGE. BILL MAKES A DISCOVERY...





BILL IMMEDIATELY CONTACTS THE COAST GUARD -- SINCE THE MAP SHOWS THEY ARE RIGHT OFF THE CALIFORNIA COAST!

--PICK UP AXIS SHIPS--  
WITH FAMOUS JAP SPY  
ABOARD ... LAND BASE  
JUST BEHIND COASTAL  
MOUNTAINS ----

WE'RE ON  
OUR WAY!

A COAST GUARD DESTROYER  
CHURNS ON ITS WAY ...

WE'RE  
ALMOST  
THERE,  
SIR!

GOOD!  
WE'VE  
NO TIME  
TO WASTE!

OH,  
BOY!

... AND SOON OVERTAKES  
THE "INNOCENT-LOOKING" SHIP...

TAKE 'EM,  
MEN!

ACH!

THIS IS FOR  
PEARL HARBOR!

VE SURRENDER!

MEANWHILE OUR FRIENDS, HAVING RADIOED AHEAD, ARE ABOUT TO LAND AT A CALIFORNIA AIRPORT ... WITH A GREAT CROWD WAITING ...

WHAT'S THIS?  
--THEY MUST BE  
EXPECTING SOMEBODY  
PRETTY IMPORTANT!

GOSH!

HOORAY!

HERE  
THEY  
COME!

MAKE WAY  
FOR THE PRESS,  
PLEASE!

... AND ARE MORE THAN  
SURPRISED TO LEARN THE  
OVATION IS FOR **THEM!**

YOU'VE DONE  
YOUR COUNTRY  
A GREAT SERVICE,  
WE'RE PROUD  
OF YOU ALL!

IT WAS AN  
HONOR,  
SIR!  
EH, BILL?

RIGHT! BUT, EXCUSE  
ME --- I MUST CONTACT  
MY OFFICE!

THE POLICE BREAK UP THE  
CROWD, AND THE BOYS ARE  
LEFT TO THEMSELVES ...

BILL'S GOT  
SOMETHING  
THERE!

RIGHT! LET'S  
TELEGRAPH  
OUR  
PARENTS!

AND THEY FOLLOW BILL  
TO THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE ..

GOSH! WAIT TILL  
MOM HEARS  
WHAT WE'VE  
BEEN  
THROUGH!

WAIT  
BILL!

OKAY!  
COME  
ON!

THE MESSAGES ARE SENT.

GEE, BILL, IT  
MUST BE GREAT  
TO FLY A PLANE!

SOMEDAY I'LL  
TEACH YOU,  
EDDIE--  
MEANWHILE,  
STUDY UP  
ON IT!

WELL, EDDIE AND JERRY  
WILL BE BACK HOME IN  
THE NEXT **BLUE BOLT!**  
P.S. ANTON'S GOING WITH THEM!



# YOU can actually "FLY" this Model AERO-TRAINER

• BY EDISON BELL •

## Edison Bell's AERO-TRAINER

IS A SIMPLE, HOME GADGET TO GIVE YOU THE THRILL AND KNOWLEDGE OF HOW A REAL AIRPLANE WORKS AND FLIES!

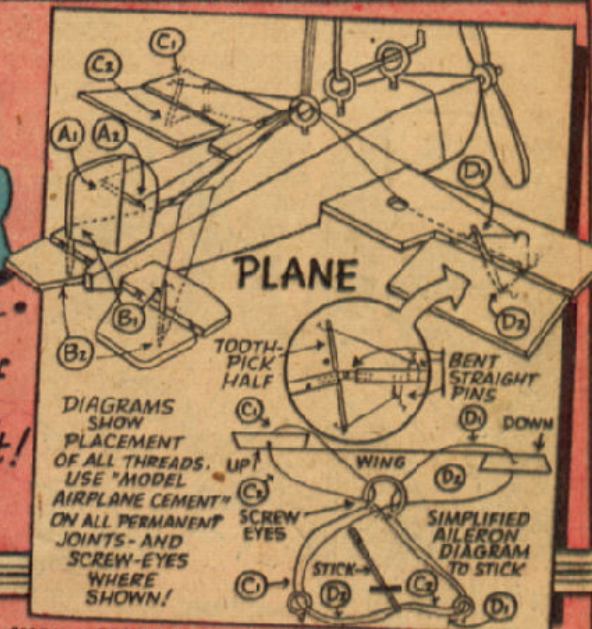
THE PLANE ITSELF IS MADE OF SOFT PINE WOOD, CUT WITH YOUR PEN-KNIFE, WITH ALL "FLIPPERS" (RUDDERS, AILERONS, ETC.) MADE OVER-SIZED AND MOVABLE.

THE "STICK" AND RUDDER-BAR CONTROL THE SMALL PLANE BY STRONG THREADS. -- SEE DIAGRAMS.

-- KEEP 'EM FLYING!

Get the Thrill of Actual Flight!

MAKE IT NOW!



WEIGHT  
SLIP CORK THROUGH WIRE AND WEIGHT WITH SCREWS AND WASHERS.

SCREW EYE  
COAT-HANGER WIRE (BENT TO SHAPE)  
BEND WIRE INTO LOOPS.

ELECTRIC FAN

The COCKPIT SEAT CAN BE IMPROVISED OR MADE AS SHOWN

THE "THROTTLE" IS SIMPLY A LIGHT-EXTENSION ARM ON A STANDARD TRANSFORMER LEVER ... CONTROLLING THE ELECTRIC FAN.

AERO-POST

"STICK"

THROTTLE

RUDDER BAR

WIRE FROM TRANSFORMER TO FAN

Important!

DON'T TIE THREADS UNTIL YOUR STICK, RUDDER BAR AND EACH MOVABLE PART ON PLANE IS IN NEUTRAL.

BOXES TO LIFT FAN UP TO HEIGHT OF PLANE.

SCREW-EYES  
AERO-POST

"STICK" AND RUDDER-BAR ARE MADE FROM BROOMSTICKS CAPPED WITH BIKE HANDLE GRIPS.

"STICK" IS FASTENED TO BLOCK THROUGH WIDE HOLE WITH LEATHER STRAPS FOR UNIVERSAL MOVEMENT.

TIE A LENGTH OF RUBBER BAND IN EACH OF THE FOUR AILERON THREADS FOR FLEXIBILITY.

AILERON THREADS TIED HERE.

WHILE THE ARRANGEMENT SHOWN MAY SEEM COMPLICATED, IT'S REALLY BASIC AND SIMPLE ... AND CAN BE READILY UNDERSTOOD WITH SINCERE APPLICATION.

Don't get your wires crossed!







WHAT TO  
DO NOW?

I  
GOT  
IT!

FREEZUM MAKES  
WOODEN MOLDS...

ME OPEN  
ICE  
BUSINESS!

...AND FILLS  
THEM WITH  
WATER.

UUG!  
THIS IS A  
CINCHUM! NOW  
FOR A LITTLE  
COLD BLAST-UM!

AH!  
GOTTEM  
ICE  
CUBE!

FREEZUM SELLS THE  
ICE ON THE STREETS...

UP  
HERE!

ICE!  
GETTUM  
CUT-RATE  
ICE  
HERE!

I'LL TAKE  
25¢  
WORTH!

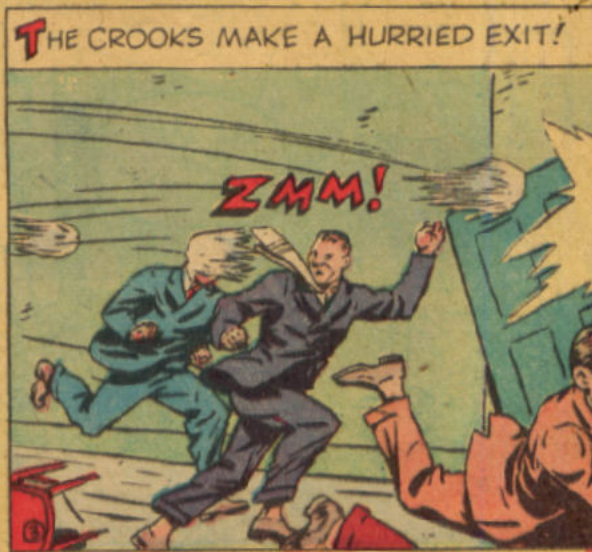
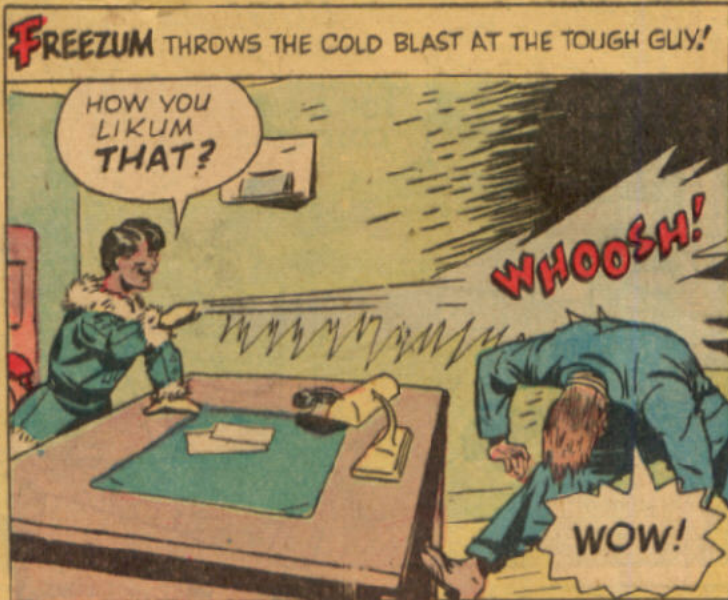
... And ... IS SOON DOING A  
BOOMING BUSINESS!

GETTUM TO  
BE MUCH  
WORK!

WE'RE  
GONNA  
HAVE TO  
GET  
THAT GUY!



**A** FEW DAYS LATER, A BUNCH OF TOUGH-LOOKING MEN CRASH **FREEZUM'S** NEW OFFICE.

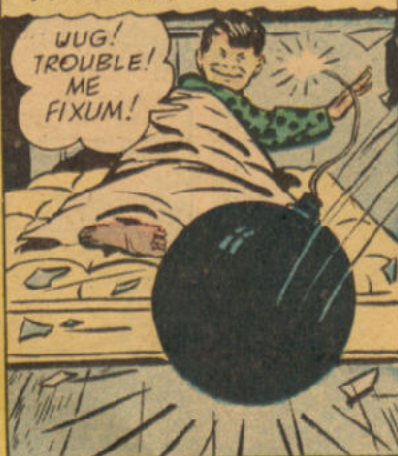




**F**REEZUM IS PREPARED FOR ANOTHER SURPRISE PARTY.



**A** BOMB COMES THROUGH THE WINDOW, BUT FREEZUM WAKES UP!



**H**E TOSSES IT OUT OF THE WINDOW ...



**W**HERE IT EXPLODES HARMLESSLY IN MID-AIR!



**F**OUR STRANGELY-CLAD MEN BREAK IN!



**F**REEZUM TOSSES HIS BLASTS WITHOUT EFFECT!



**T**HE MEN GRAB FREEZUM!





**T**HE GANG-  
STERS TAKE  
HIM TO AN  
ICE HOUSE

HERE HE  
IS, CHIEF!.

SO! YOU  
WOULDN'T  
COME ACROSS,  
EH?

**GIVE IT  
TO HIM!**

UUG!  
..UM!

TIE HIM  
UP, JOE!

RIGHT,  
CHIEF!

SINCE YOU LIKE  
ICE SO MUCH, YOU'RE  
GOING TO BE FROZEN IN  
A CAKE OF IT AND FLOATED  
DOWN THE RIVER TO  
THE OCEAN!

TURN ON  
THE  
WATER!

ME  
FIXUM  
YOU!

THE WATER IS TURNED ON...

**F**REEZUM HISSES A BLAST BETWEEN HIS TEETH FREEZING THE WATER BEFORE IT HITS HIM!



**SUB-ZERO** COMES BACK  
AND FINDS **FREEZUM** GONE!

WHAT TH--?  
**FREEZUM'S**  
IN TROUBLE  
SOMEWHERE!

**HE** FINDS A PIECE OF  
CLOTH TORN AND  
CAUGHT BY A NAIL.

THIS IS A  
PIECE OF A  
COLD-RESISTANT  
SUIT -- THE ONLY  
PLACE THEY USE  
THOSE IS AT THE  
ICE-HOUSE! BET  
THAT'S WHERE  
THEY TOOK HIM!



I'LL NEVER BE  
ABLE TO CRASH  
THOSE WALLS. I'LL  
HAVE TO FIND  
ANOTHER  
WAY IN!

**MORE TROUBLE  
FOR FREEZUM!**



**A**N ICE TRUCK  
COMES ALONG!

HERE'S WHERE  
I GET A  
**FREE  
RIDE!**



THIS'LL PUT THE  
CHILL ON YOU! A COLD  
BLAST WON'T HELP, SINCE  
LIQUID AIR ACTUALLY  
BOILS ON  
ICE!



**HERE  
IT COMES!**

**WOW!**  
HOW TO GET  
OUT OF  
THIS-UM?



**B**UT SUB-ZERO ARRIVES IN TIME!

I'LL  
FIX  
YOU!

SUB-  
ZERO!

**T**HE LIQUID AIR SPEWS OVER  
THE GANGSTERS, PUTTING  
THEM OUT OF THE FIGHT!

HALP!

OWWWW!

I'LL JUST FREEZE  
UP THAT THERMOSTAT!  
THAT'LL STIFFEN THESE  
GUYS RIGHT THROUGH  
THEIR SUITS!

**T**HE MERCURY HITS BOTTOM!

THERMOSTAT

PLOP!

**S**UB-ZERO SNAPS THE  
WIRES ON THEIR SUITS  
WITH COLD BLASTS!

WOW!  
HE GOT  
MY HEAT  
WIRES!

I'M  
GETTING  
STIFF!

THE COLD  
IN HERE WILL  
FINISH THOSE  
GUYS FOR A  
WHILE!

I THOUGHT  
I TOLD YOU  
TO KEEP AWAY  
FROM TROUBLE!  
NOW GO CALL  
THE POLICE  
WHILE I  
WATCH THESE  
GUYS!

I KEEP  
AWAY FROM  
TROUBLE,  
BUT TROUBLE  
NO KEEP  
AWAY FROM  
ME!

THESE MEN RAN  
AN ICE PROTECTION  
RACKET TO DRIVE  
COMPETITORS  
OUT OF  
BUSINESS!

SEEMS  
TO ME  
THEY  
NEED  
PROTEC-  
TION

BETTER WEAR YOUR HEAVY  
OVERCOAT... **SUB-ZERO AND  
FREEZUM** WILL RETURN  
WITH A BIG SURPRISE  
IN THE NEXT **BLUE BOLT!**



# KRISKO and JASPER

Krisko and Jasper are on a small island somewhere in the center of the ocean. There are voices all around, but no one can be seen. Krisko has disappeared, and Jasper is jittery.

GORSH. I'M SCARED, HUNGRY, AND ALL ALONE. KRISKO JUST EVAPORATED INTO THIN AIR ... OR DID HE? GORSH! WHAT'LL I DO?

HA HA! I CAN SEE YOU... BUT YOU CAN'T SEE ME!

By JACK A. WARREN

KRISKO SEEMS TO FARE WELL. HE HAS JUST FINISHED A LARGE MEAL.

THE VOICE

HEY! PAL!! WAKE UP!!

NOW LISTEN, PAL ... TO YOU I AM A VOICE. YOU CAN'T SEE ME, BUT I'M HERE. I'M GONNA HELP YOU IF YOU'LL HELP ME! I WANT TO LEAVE THIS ISLAND AND SEE THE WORLD, BUT I CAN'T GO UNLESS IT'S WITH SOME HUMAN--AND THAT MEANS YOU!

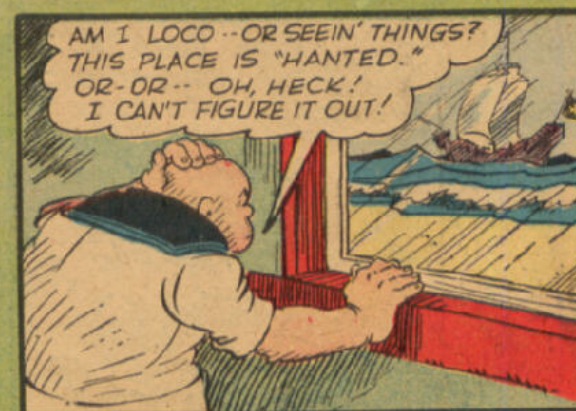
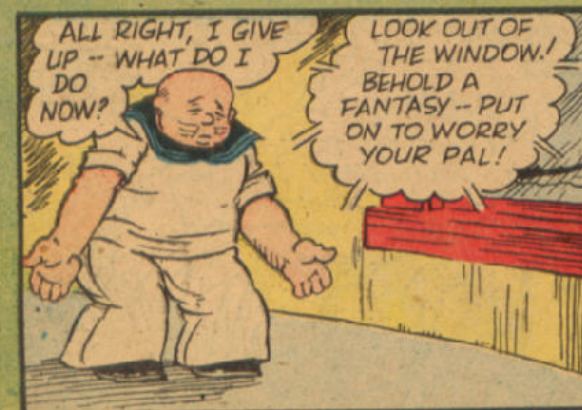
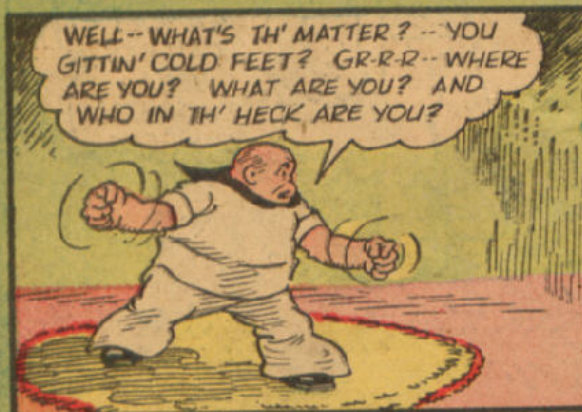
DID YOU FEED MY PARD, JASPER? --I WON'T TALK TO YOU UNTIL HE'S FED!

WHAT? FEED THAT LONG, LEAN DRINK OF WATER? ... NO! LET HIM STARVE--! OH, ALL RIGHT, I'LL FEED HIM!

AND JASPER...

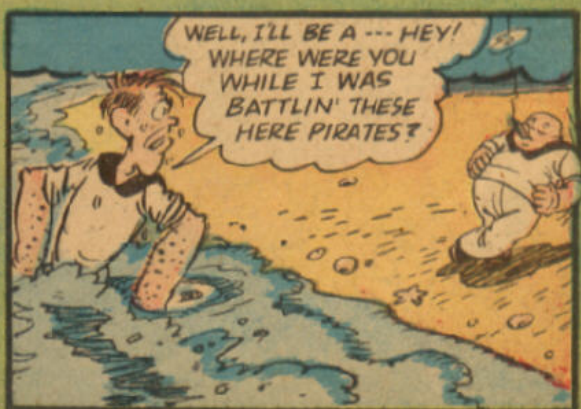
HO-HUM... GUESS I'LL TAKE A LIL' NAP!



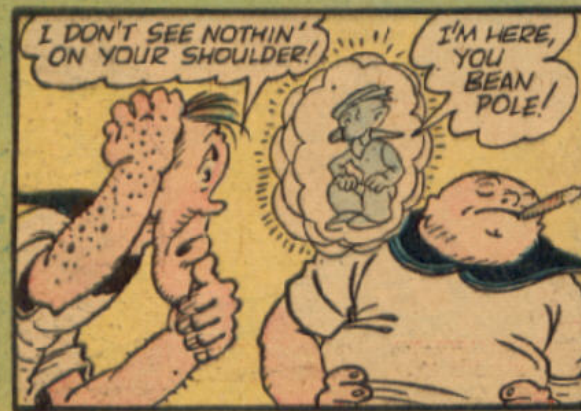
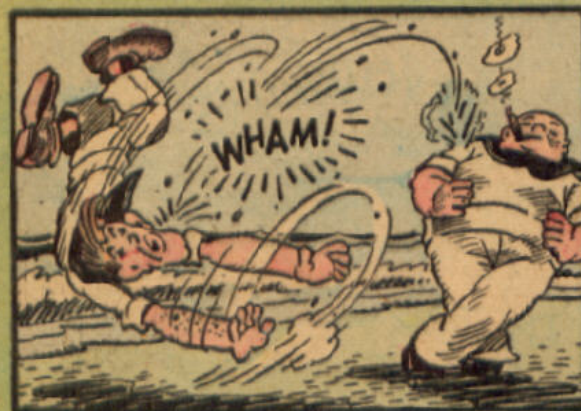
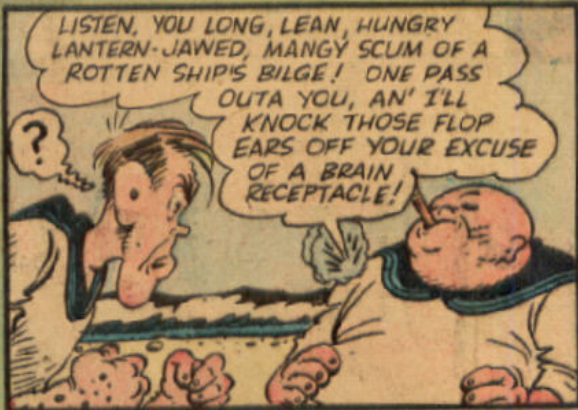




WHILE OUTSIDE WE SEE POOR JASPER ...









# THE WHITE RIDER AND SUPER HORSE

FROM THE HIDDEN VALLEY,  
WHERE THEY WERE BORN WITH  
STRENGTH TO FIGHT CRIME AND  
INJUSTICE, RIDE WHITE RIDER  
AND CLOUD, THE SUPERHORSE,  
ON THE TRAIL OF TITO ROMERO,  
THE LONE BANK-ROBBER!





**USING A BOWIE KNIFE, WHITE RIDER FREES THE BANK CLERK...**

DID YOU RECOGNIZE THE STICK-UP MEN?

THERE WAS ONLY ONE MAN—TITO ROMERO!



I'M KNOWN AS WHITE RIDER, MR. TRAVIS. I WAS HIRED BY THE BANKER'S PROTECTIVE SERVICE TO GET ROMERO, BUT I SEE HE GOT HERE FIRST!

OH-MY HEAD! WHAT HAPPENED... AN WHO ARE YOU?



**THE CLERK DESCRIBES THE HOLD-UP.**

WASN'T THE STICK-UP MAN MASKED?

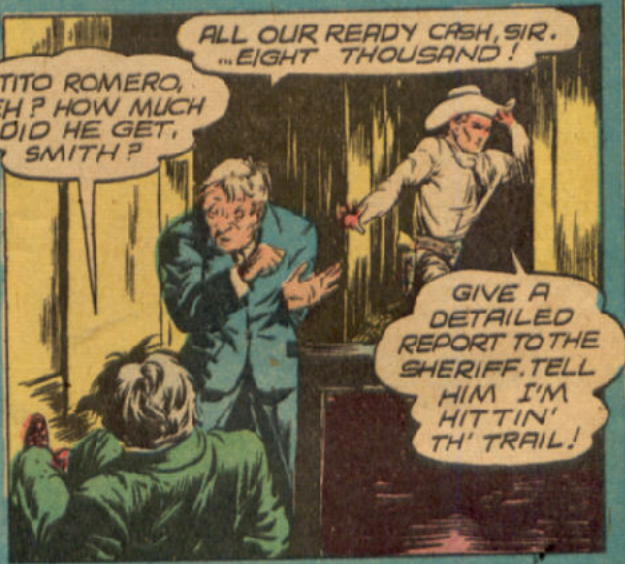
SURE, BUT IT WAS ROMERO ALL RIGHT. 'T WAS HIS TECH-

NIQUE. KNOCKED OUT MR. TRAVIS HERE WITH HIS GUN BUTT, THEN TRUSSED ME UP!



ALL OUR READY CASH, SIR. ...EIGHT THOUSAND!

TITO ROMERO, EH? HOW MUCH DID HE GET, SMITH?



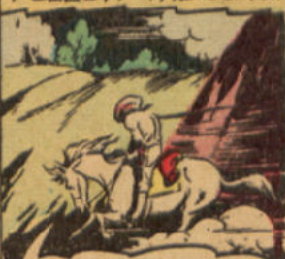
GIVE A DETAILED REPORT TO THE SHERIFF. TELL HIM I'M HITTIN' TH' TRAIL!

**WHITE RIDER AND CLOUD RACE AFTER THE BANDIT...**

SPEED, CLOUD, ROMERO'S GOT A TEN MINUTE START ON US!



THE BANDIT LEAVES NO TRAIL, BUT CLOUD'S KEEN NOSTRILS FOLLOW THE SCENT.



HE'S A SMART BANDIT, THIS ROMERO. ROBS A BANK IN BROAD DAYLIGHT... AND GETS AWAY WITHOUT BEING SEEN!

BUT EVEN THE KEEN NOSTRILS OF SUPERHORSE LOSE THE TRAIL ON THE HARD LAVA.



HE'S EVEN SMARTER THAN WE THOUGHT, CLOUD, BLOTTIN' HIS TRAIL ON THIS ROCK! WE'D BETTER CAMP HERE AND START RIDIN' IN THE MORNING!



**W**HITE RIDER AWAKENS  
TO FIND...



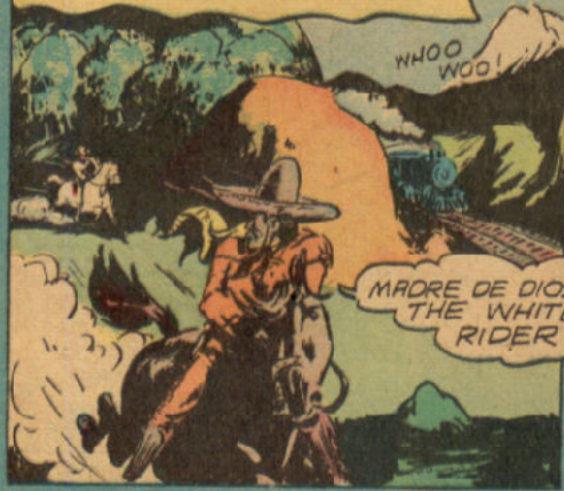
SMOKE, CLOUD,  
AN' IT'S COMIN'  
FROM ROMERO'S  
FIRE, I'LL BET!

**W**HITE RIDER AND CLOUD REACH THE SCENE  
OF THE CAMP FIRE...



THAT'S OUR  
MAN, ALL RIGHT...  
AFTER HIM...

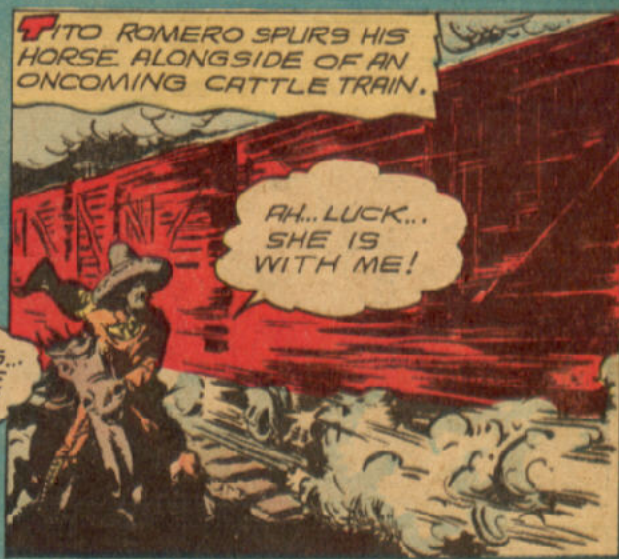
**T**HE BANDIT DESPERATELY  
FIRES AT HIS PURSUER!



WHOO  
WOO!

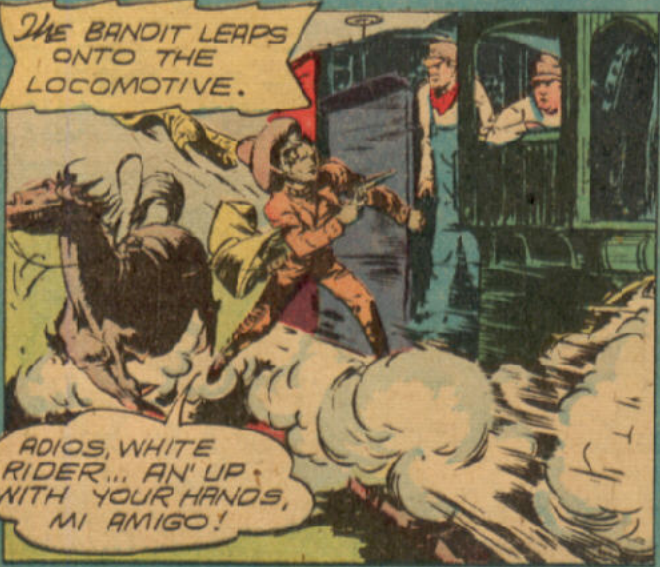
MAORE DE DIOS...  
THE WHITE  
RIDER!

**T**ITO ROMERO SPURS HIS  
HORSE ALONGSIDE OF AN  
ONCOMING CATTLE TRAIN.



AH... LUCK...  
SHE IS  
WITH ME!

**T**HE BANDIT LEAPS  
ONTO THE  
LOCOMOTIVE.



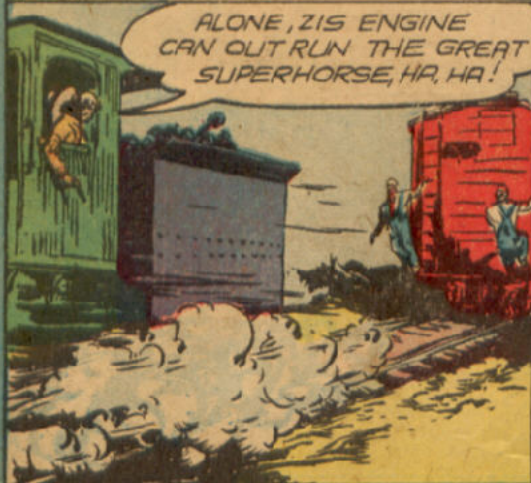
ADIOS, WHITE  
RIDER... AN' UP  
WITH YOUR HANDS,  
MI AMIGO!

I SHOULD LIKE TO RIDE  
ZIS ENGINE ALONE... CLIMB  
BACK OVER ZE TENDER!

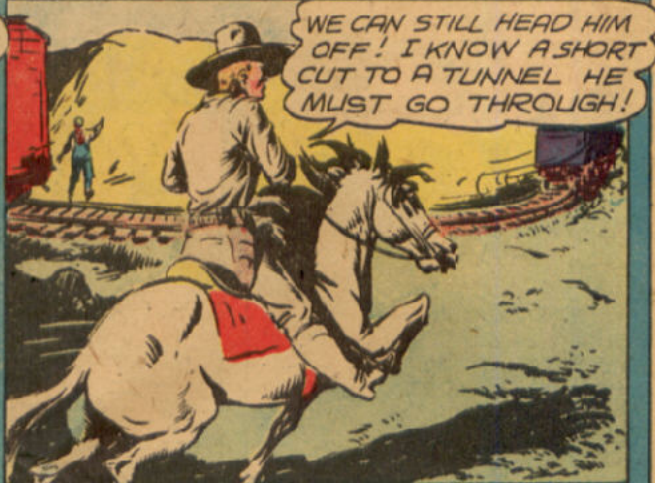




**R**OMERO FORCES THE TWO TRAIN-  
MEN TO DISCONNECT THE LOCOMOTIVE.

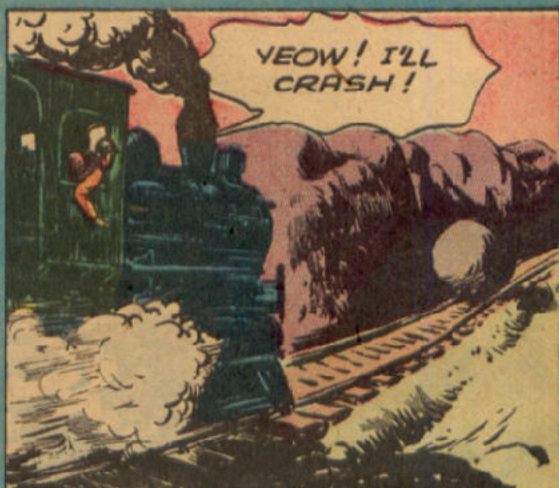


**W**HITE RIDER AND CLOUD FAIL TO  
CATCH UP TO THE TRAIN...



**R**EACHING THE TUNNEL BEFORE ROMERO,  
WHITE RIDER AND CLOUD ATTEMPT TO  
BLOCK THE TRACK..

UGH!  
ANOTHER SHOVE,  
CLOUD. AH!  
THERE SHE  
GOES! A LITTLE  
SURPRISE FOR  
MR. ROMERO!



**T**HE ENGINE CRASHES....BUT THE  
BANDIT HAS LEAPED CLEAR!



**U**SING THE  
WRECK AS A  
SHIELD, THE  
BANDIT FIRES  
AT THE RIDER!



YOU'RE SMART,  
WHITE RIDER, BUT  
NOT SMART ENOUGH  
TO CATCH ROMERO!

**W**HITE RIDER AND  
CLOUD HUG THE HILL-  
SIDE FOR PROTECTION.

ONE...TWO SHOTS!  
GOT TO MAKE HIM  
EMPTY HIS GUNS!



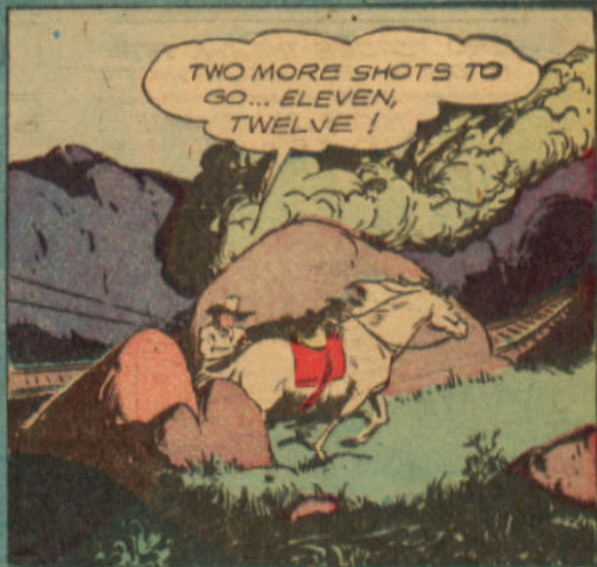


WHITE RIDER EXPLAINS A PLAN TO CLOUD...

WE'LL GIVE HIM NO CHANCE TO RELOAD, CLOUD. WHEN I SIGNAL... JUMP HIM!  
AH! FIVE SIX...



TWO MORE SHOTS TO GO... ELEVEN, TWELVE!



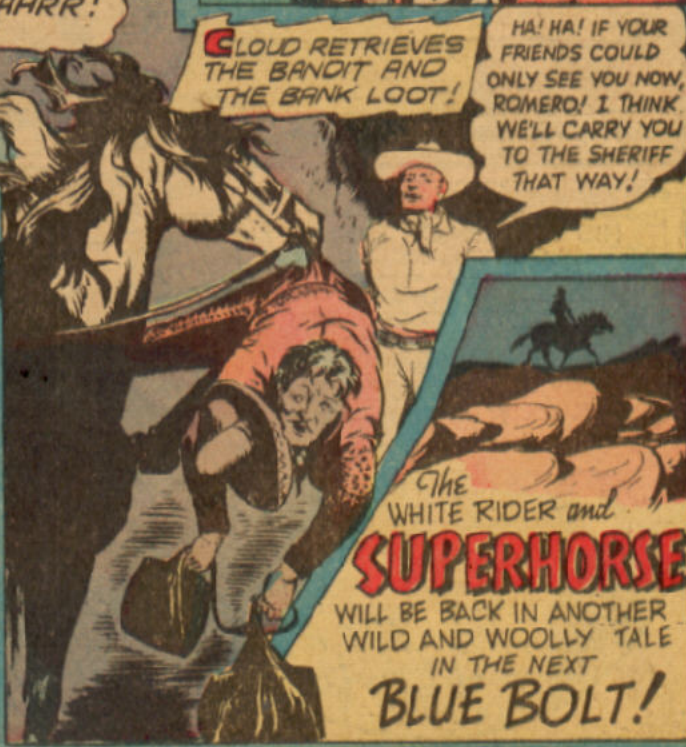
THE BANDIT'S GUN HAMMER FALLS ON AN EMPTY CARTRIDGE!



CLOUD RETRIEVES THE BANDIT AND THE BANK LOOT!

HA! HA! IF YOUR FRIENDS COULD ONLY SEE YOU NOW, ROMERO! I THINK WE'LL CARRY YOU TO THE SHERIFF THAT WAY!

THE BANDIT ATTEMPTS TO OUT-RUN THE SUPERHORSE.





# BLUE BOLT

★★★ The AMERICAN

I'LL BET ANYTHING THAT MY OLD RIVAL, THE GREEN SORCERESS, IS AT THE BOTTOM OF THIS! I'M GOING TO SEE THE ARMY HEADS!

**D**URING THE GREAT EMERGENCY OF WAR, THE AMERICAN FORCES ARE SUDDENLY HINDERED BY STRANGE HAPPENINGS! EARTHQUAKES, TIDAL WAVES, AND VOLCANOES WIPE OUT WHOLE CITIES AT A TIME!

**BLUE BOLT** TELLS THEM HIS VERSION OF THE DISTURBANCES.

NONSENSE, MAN, YOUR THEORY IS RIDICULOUS!

THEN I HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO CARRY ON ALONE!

THAT'S WHAT IT IS, DOCTOR. WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO?

YOU'LL HAVE TO COME DOWN AT ONCE, **BLUE BOLT**. THERE'S A LOT MORE TO IT THAN THAT!

IF YOU'RE GOING, THEN I'M GOING WITH YOU!

I HOPE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE LETTING YOURSELF IN FOR!

**BLUE BOLT** CONTACTS DR. BERTOFF.

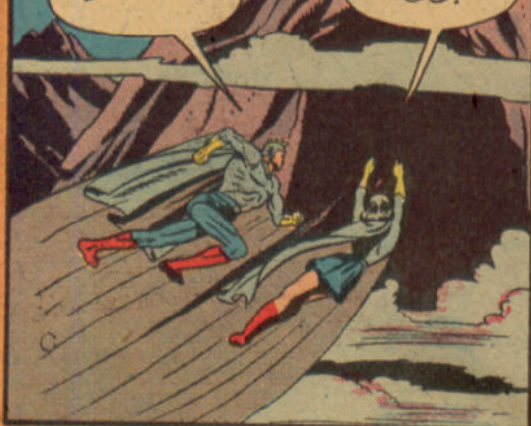
**LOIS**, **BLUE BOLT**'S ASSISTANT, MAKES UP HER MIND, TOO!



**THEY FLY OFF TO THE UNDERGROUND KINGDOM!**

HERE'S THE ENTRANCE!

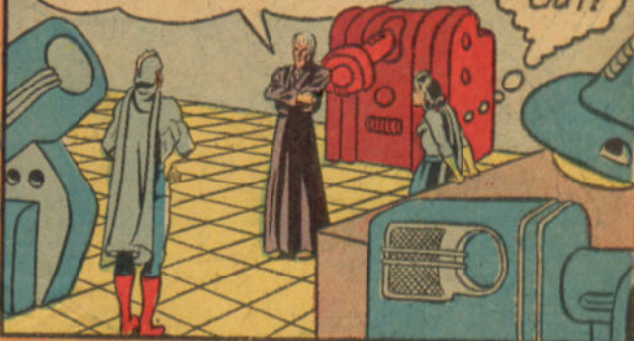
LET'S GO!



**BERTOFF GREETES THEM WITH SOME AMAZING NEWS!**

IT'S THE GREEN SORCESS, ALL RIGHT! SHE'S TRYING TO GET BACK AT YOU! SHE HAS AN EVEN MORE TERRIBLE WEAPON! A **TREE** WHOSE SPORES WILL DESTROY EVERYTHING IT TOUCHES! YOU MUST PREVENT THAT!

THE GREEN SORCESS, EH? I'LL TEAR HER HAIR OUT!



**DR. BERTOFF ENDOWS HIM WITH A NEW WEAPON TO FIGHT THE GREEN SORCESS.**

BLUE BOLT, I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU THE POWER TO READ THE MINDS OF OTHERS!

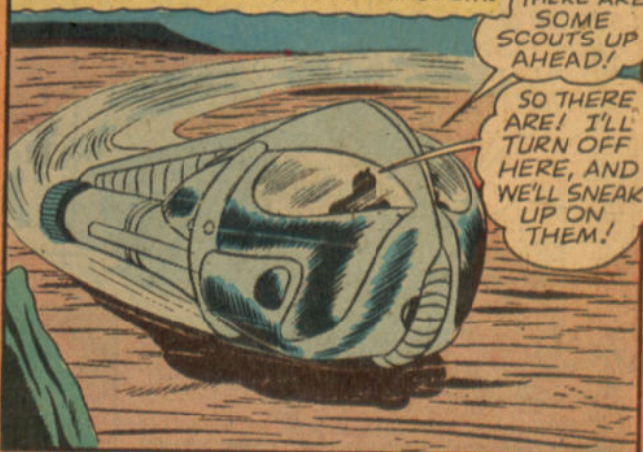
GOOD! I COULD USE SOMETHING LIKE THAT!



**BLUE BOLT AND LOIS ARE SOON ON THEIR WAY TO THE GREEN KINGDOM.**

BLUE BOLT! THERE ARE SOME SCOUTS UP AHEAD!

SO THERE ARE! I'LL TURN OFF HERE, AND WE'LL SNEAK UP ON THEM!



**BLUE BOLT INTERCEPTS THE SCOUTS' THOUGHTS.**

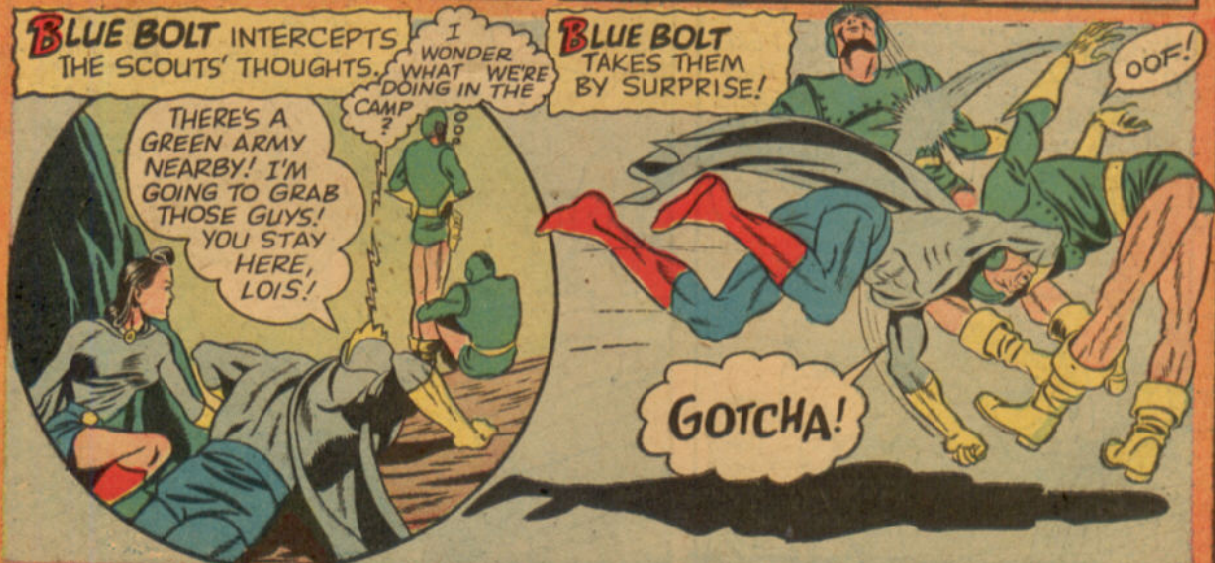
I WONDER WHAT WE'RE DOING IN THE CAMP?

THERE'S A GREEN ARMY NEARBY! I'M GOING TO GRAB THOSE GUYS! YOU STAY HERE, LOIS!

**BLUE BOLT TAKES THEM BY SURPRISE!**

OOF!

GOTCHA!







THAT TAKES CARE OF YOU!

THEY CHANGE INTO THE GUARDS' UNIFORMS.

THIS WAY WE CAN GET INTO THE GREEN ARMY CAMP UNNOTICED!

HEY! THESE PANTS DON'T FIT!

THEY ARRIVE AT THE GREEN ARMY CAMP...

HERE WE ARE, BOLTIE! WHAT NOW?

WE'LL GO IN AND SCOUT AROUND!

... AND ENTER IT!

LOOKS LIKE WE'RE GOING TO HAVE PLENTY OF ACTION AROUND HERE!

ALL I WANT IS TO GET MY HANDS ON THE GREEN SORCERESS!

THEY ARE SPOTTED, AND THE CHASE BEGINS!

HURRY, LOIS!

SPIES! GET THEM!

RIGHT BEHIND YOU!

Just Then...

FALL IN!

WE HAVE TO GET OUT OF HERE! AS SOON AS THEY FIND OUT THERE'S NO PLACE FOR US IN THE RANKS, THEY'LL GRAB US!





**S**OLDIERS HEAD THEM OFF!

SAIL INTO THEM, LOIS!

I'M WITH YOU, BOLTIE!



**T**HEY FIGHT DESPERATELY...

HOW DO YOU LIKE THIS, LOIS?

AWK!

NOT BAD FOR A GIRL, EH?



...BUT ARE OUTNUMBERED AND CAPTURED!

YOU ARE GOING TO SEE OUR QUEEN. SHE'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU TWO!

THE QUEEN, EH?



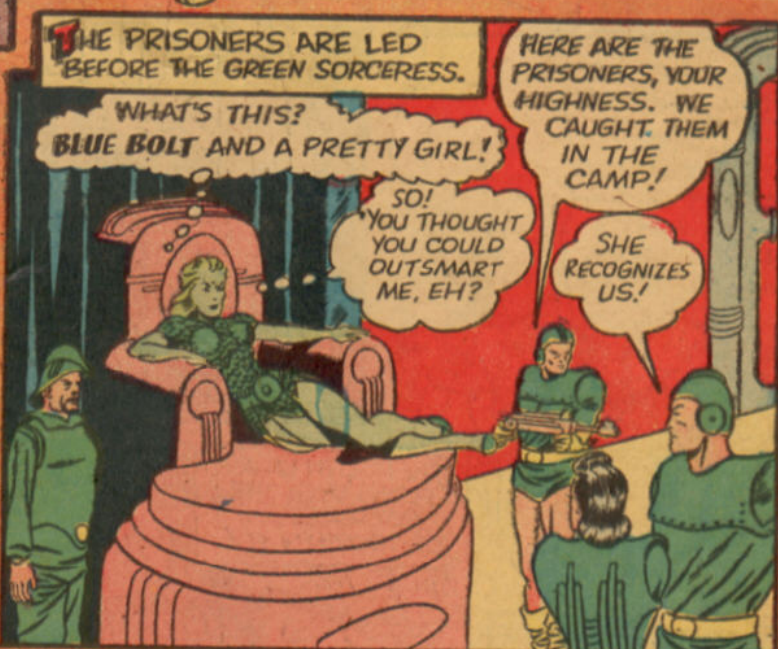
**T**HE PRISONERS ARE LED BEFORE THE GREEN SORCESS.

WHAT'S THIS? BLUE BOLT AND A PRETTY GIRL!

HERE ARE THE PRISONERS, YOUR HIGHNESS. WE CAUGHT THEM IN THE CAMP!

SO! YOU THOUGHT YOU COULD OUTSMART ME, EH?

SHE RECOGNIZES US!

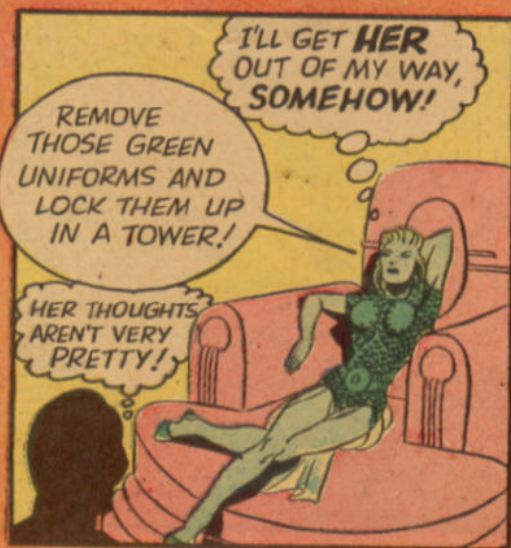


SO, THAT'S WHO SHE IS! WAIT UNTIL I GET MY HANDS ON HER!

I'LL GET **HER** OUT OF MY WAY, **SOMEHOW!**

REMOVE THOSE GREEN UNIFORMS AND LOCK THEM UP IN A TOWER!

HER THOUGHTS AREN'T VERY PRETTY!



**T**HEY ARE LOCKED UP IN THE TOWER!

GET IN THERE!

QUIT PUSHING! YOU BIG APE!

GOOD THING SHE DOESN'T KNOW OF OUR REAL MISSION!





THAT NIGHT...

THERE!  
NOW, WE'RE  
FREE!

I HOPE  
NOBODY  
SEES  
US!

THEY FLEE DOWN  
THE CORRIDOR!

THAT TAKES CARE  
OF THE GUARD!

ATTA  
BOY,  
BOLTIE!

**BLUE BOLT** TAKES IN THE  
SITUATION WITH A GLANCE!

SO! DIVERTING  
STREAMS OF LAVA  
TO CAUSE VOLCANOES  
AND QUAKES! WE'LL  
FIX THAT!

THIS WILL  
DIVERT THE  
LAVA INTO THE  
MACHINERY!

THE MOLTEN LAVA  
FLOWS OVER THE  
MACHINERY ---  
DESTROYING IT!

THERE!  
THAT DOES  
IT!

PHEW!  
--IT'S  
HOT!

THE ROCK LANDS IN THE  
NARROW PASS, AND  
BLOCKS UP THE LAVA.

**SPLASH!**



**THE GUARDS SPOT  
BLUE BOLT!**

**AFTER  
HIM!**

**THERE  
HE IS!**

**AND THEY TAKE UP THE CHASE!**

**ZAP!**

**CAREFUL!  
THOSE GUNS  
MEAN  
BUSINESS!**

**DON'T  
WORRY!**

**THEY RUN INTO THE REST  
OF THE GUARDS!**

**OWEY!**

**JUST THEN, A RANDOM SHOT SMASHES  
THROUGH THE  
GLASS CASE  
OF THE  
TREE OF  
DEATH!**

**THAT  
WAS  
CLOSE!**

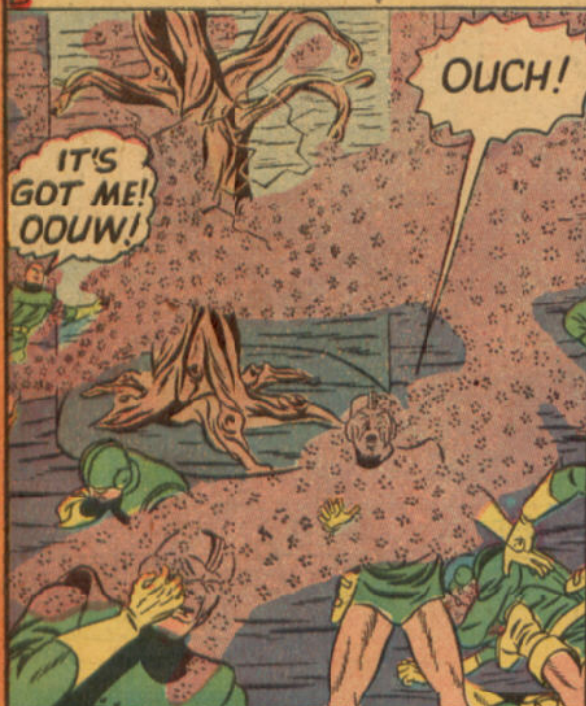
**YOU STAY  
OVER THERE,  
LOIS!  
I'LL LEAD  
THEM  
AWAY!**

**RIGHT!**

**THE TREE!  
THE CASE IS  
BROKEN! RUN  
FOR YOUR  
LIVES!**



**I**MMEDIATELY THE ARMY GOES INTO A PANIC!



**T**HE CHASE IS FORGOTTEN IN THE FLIGHT OF THE GREEN ARMY TO ESCAPE DEATH!



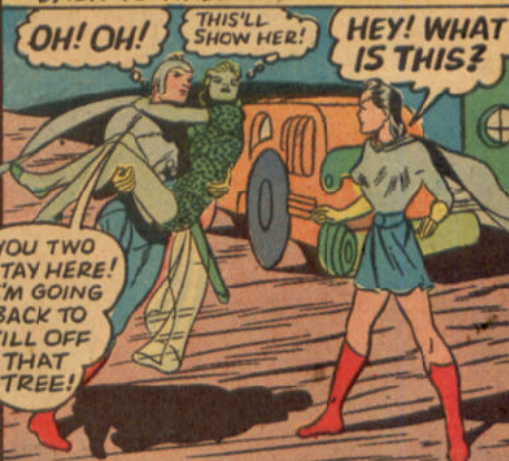
**B**LUE BOLT SPOTS THE GREEN SORCERESS, PURPOSELY STANDING HER GROUND IN THE FACE OF THE ADVANCING SPORES.



**B**LUE BOLT RACES TOWARD HER!



**G**RABBING HER UP, HE BRINGS HER BACK TO WHERE HE LEFT LOIS.



**N**OW, I'LL SHOW YOU SOMETHING!



**T**HE GIRLS BEGIN TO FIGHT OVER BLUE BOLT!





Meanwhile, BLUE BOLT GOES TO THE WINDWARD SIDE OF THE TREE, PICKS UP A SWORD AND SLASHES IT THROUGH!

THAT ENDS THIS DEATH TRAP!



NOW TO GET BACK TO THE GIRLS!



BUT THEY ARE STILL AT IT!

HEY! WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?



BLUE BOLT SEPARATES THEM.....

I'D LIKE TO ---

LET ME AT THAT GREEN THING!

WHY DON'T YOU GIRLS CUT IT OUT?



YOU'RE COMING BACK WITH US!



THE GREEN SORCERESS DISAPPEARS IN HER MIST.

I'M GOING BACK, BUT NOT WITH YOU, AND I'LL SEE YOU LATER!



BLUE BOLT AND LOIS START BACK TO DR. BERTOFF.

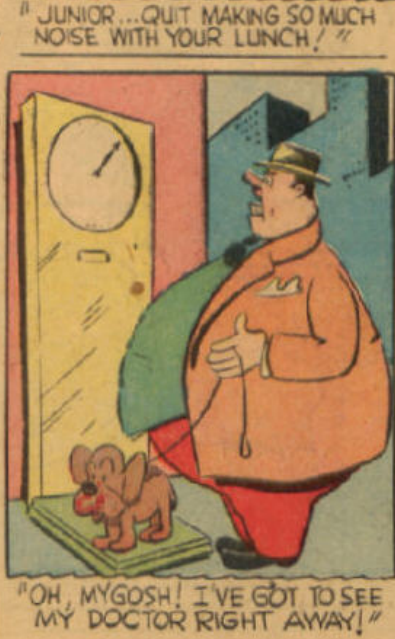
THAT GREEN HUUZY!

GREEN HUUZY? -- GREEN MONSTER!



**BLUE BOLT** and **LOIS**  
WILL MEET AGAIN WITH  
the **GREEN SORCERESS**  
IN THE NEXT ISSUE  
OF **BLUE BOLT**









### MAKES 'EM JUMP

The JOY BUZZER tickles your friend's palm when you shake hands.

No. MO-178 ... 25c

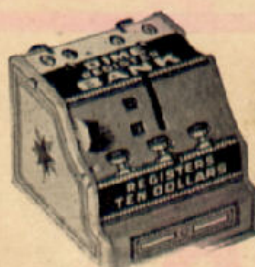


# \$10 or NOTHING!

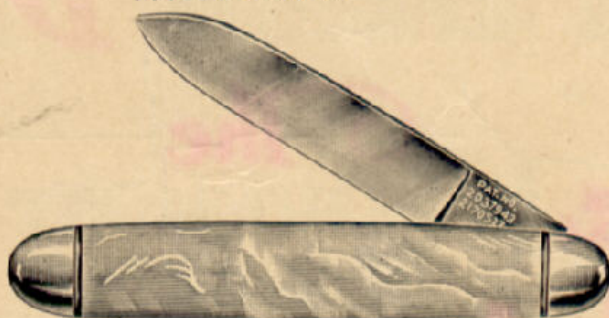
## AUTOMATIC DIME REGISTER BANK

Here's a real way to save money. First dime you put in locks bank. Last dime unlocks it and you get \$10 (more than half enough to buy a Defense Bond.) Register shows amount inside at any time.

No. MO-158 ..... 15c



## IT'S A PUZZLER



## THE "MYSTERY" KNIFE

It's easy to open, easy to close . . . but how??? You'll stump your friends with this one.

Complete operating instructions enclosed.

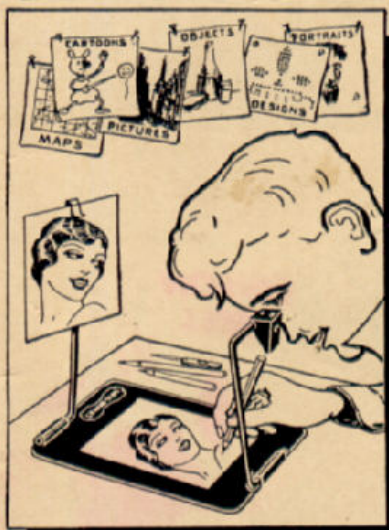
No. MO-186 ..... 30c



## IT'S GENUINE

No foolin' . . . there's a real four-leaf clover sealed in this LUCKY KEY RING.

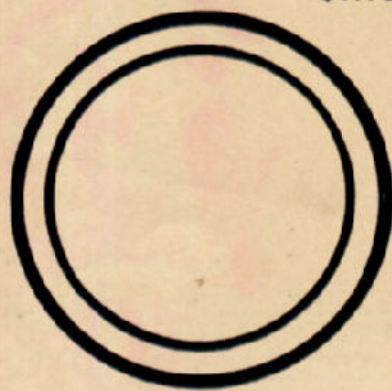
No. MO-153 ..... 25c



## DEVELOPS DRAWING SKILL

Insert any picture in this GRAPHO-SCOPE. Look through eye-piece and you'll see picture's reflection on drawing surface. (Not an electrical device.)

No. MO-201 ..... \$1.10



## GLOWS IN THE DARK

Hold BLACKOUT BUTTON close to electric light for 5 seconds and it glows in dark for several hours. Pin to lapel.

No. MO-210 ... 25c

(ILLUSTRATION: ACTUAL SIZE)  
COLOR: RED, WHITE AND BLUE

Send me the items I have checked below:

How Many	No.	Item	Price Each
_____	MO-158	Automatic Dime Bank.....	15c
_____	MO-153	Lucky Key Ring.....	25c
_____	MO-186	"Mystery" Knife .....	30c
_____	MO-178	Joy Buzzer .....	25c
_____	MO-201	Grapho-Scope .....	\$1.10
_____	MO-210	Blackout Button .....	25c

Name .....

Address .....

City and State.....

Please put coins between cardboard. Send order to:

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